

1887.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MINNESOTA.—RAISING THE BLIZZARD SIGNAL AT THE WEATHER BUREAU STATION, ST. PAUL.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 278.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

CONGRESS AND THE TARIFF.

THE present Congress will be expected to do something effective towards a thorough restoration of public confidence in matters of business and finance. It has been generally felt that the last two Congresses met in a spirit of menace towards the manufactures of the country, which have attained so rapid and vast a growth with the past quarter of a century. The results of the elections in which the present Congress was chosen indicate plainly enough that that is not what the people want, and it will be the duty of Congress to recognize this clear popular verdict. It is already apparent, however, that the so-called free-trade wing of the Democracy are determined to renew their assault upon the protective system, and that the public interests are to be made secondary to the gratification of personal jealousies and ambitions. Now, there can be no doubt that a revision of the tariff is desirable, but it cannot be done by tape-line or measure, or upon a basis involving the destruction of the protective principle. Nor can any measure of revision be matured by men familiar only with one side of the subject, or controlled by solicitude for particular interests. The revision must be made with intelligent reference to the effect the proposed changes of duty will have upon the important industries of the country as a whole. It will be useless for Mr. Carlisle and his followers to seek their ends by indirection. It has been settled in previous Congresses that the protectionist policy cannot be carried by flank movements, either in the form of so-called commercial treaties with Spain, Cuba or Mexico, or by the nonsense about an "American Zollverein." It has been settled that it cannot be carried by direct assault, as in Morrison's horizontal Bill, nor by that policy of attacking one duty at a time, which has been tried as to so many, and has succeeded only in the case of quinine, and in that little but significant instance with effects so absurdly mischievous as to be laughable. It has been settled, too, that when the entire industries of a country like this are considered, no sound distinction based on the "raw materials" notion can be made, as all things which are the raw materials of one industry must be the finished product of some other. These are conclusions which, in the present temper of the public mind, cannot be disturbed, and the legislator who undertakes to frame a revision of the tariff in defiance of them will simply add another to the list of egregious failures which have marked our legislative history in connection with this subject.

What the country expects and demands is, that Congress shall consider the question, not with a view to exploiting one theory or another, or promoting the success of one or another party, but along the line of such clear and pronounced principles as have been found to be contributive to the national prosperity, and suitable to the industrial conditions which here exist. Those Representatives only who act in this spirit will be entitled to the applause of the great business public, which, after all, counts for more than the partisans who too often trifile with its interests.

THE MORAL OF THE SHARP CASE.

THE unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals on points of law must, of course, be accepted as final, and it must be conceded that there were sound technical reasons why Jacob Sharp's conviction should be reversed. It is idle to object that Jaehne's admissions to Inspector Byrne's detectives were allowed as evidence while the use of Sharp's few cautious admissions before the Senate Committee has been deemed enough to vitiate the hard-won results of a long and costly trial. It is useless, too, to urge that the "errors" noted by the Court did not affect Sharp's guilt, nor did they, so far as can be determined, influence the minds of the jury. All this and more might be said without affecting the legality of a decision which has baffled justice, and done more to encourage corruption and to stir up social discontent than any decision which the Courts have given for many years. It is unfortunately true that more than half the people in New York believe that Sharp owes his escape, in one way or another, to the fact that he is a rich man. The result at this time, when so many attempts are made to antagonize rich and poor, will be to strengthen agitation and the disposition to rebel against law.

The decision of the Court of Appeals was good law. Yet probably every one of the judges believed, after reading the evidence, that Sharp was guilty. The judges, however, were compelled to decide according to a strict interpretation of the law, and the blame must rest, not on them, but on the legislators who have provided so many loopholes of escape for criminals. The Sharp case calls attention, with emphasis, to the evils of our present method of determining the guilt of offenders. In England, there is usually one appeal to the Crown. Here, after writs and stays, one appeal after another may be taken, and "legal evidence" is

submitted to such close limitations in the case of criminals rich enough to pursue their cases, that justice has comparatively a feeble chance. In other words, we have to recognize the fact that the punishment of crime is regarded as of much less importance in our Courts than the correctness of the manner of procedure. This, we believe, is an exact and fair statement of the case. Equity is subordinated to law. Under statutory restrictions, Justice is banished from the courtroom, unless her robes are faultless in every detail. The law, with its multitudinous chances for technical objections and interpretations too fine-spun for ordinary folk, stands not between society and the malefactor, but between the malefactor and punishment. There is too much law and too little justice, and we are inclined to think there are too many lawyers whose disposition it is to make law of paramount importance and its construction as complicated as possible. The moral of the Sharp case is the necessity of reform in the methods of our criminal jurisprudence.

This is a large subject, but sooner or later the people, through their representatives, will demand that the law shall be made to serve justice, and that the expense, delays and failures of criminal proceedings shall be diminished. As for Sharp, the few months in Ludlow Street Jail will probably constitute his only punishment. His second conviction is more than doubtful, and the present legal system of New York has probably saved the greatest municipal robber since the days of Tweed.

THE PURITY OF ELECTIONS.

IT is a cheering sign of the times that thoughtful citizens, now more than ever before, are directing their attention to the evils which have sprung up under our elective system, and earnestly considering how they may be removed. These evils have for years been the despair of honest voters, to whom it has seemed at times that the Republic, unless some remedy for them could be devised, must speedily be brought to ruin. The trouble, though most conspicuous in our great cities, is not by any means confined to them, but prevails, to a greater or less extent, in all parts of the country. Moreover, it is not confined to any political party, though worst, of course, in whichever one the baser elements of society happen to be most numerous. Our city primaries, for the most part, are a sorry farce, ruled by "bosses" and abounding in corruption.

Mr. Horace E. Deming, a most worthy citizen, in a paper lately read before the Commonwealth Club, proposes to put the primaries under the control of the Government to the same extent that elections are now, to allow all registered voters to take part in them, and to have the three candidates for each office receiving the highest number of votes made the legal candidates for that office at the ensuing general election. This, it will be observed, would effectually cut off all but one of the minority parties from any participation in the election, compelling the members to choose between not voting at all and voting for the candidates of some other party. The "sacred" right of "scattering" would thus be sacrificed. Mr. Deming's paper was listened to with deepest interest, in the hope that the plan proposed might, at least, prove worthy of a trial. But Mr. Francis M. Scott made what was generally thought a fatal objection thereto when he said the effect would simply be to put the machine caucus one step further back, and thus leave the "bosses" to rule exactly as they do now.

The plan of the Union League Club of this city to urge upon the Legislature the necessity of passing a law requiring the Government to furnish the ballots at all general elections strikes us as a more practical, even if a less radical, measure. The present system imposes upon candidates and parties an enormous expense, besides opening the door to numerous frauds, including "deals," treachery and bribery. But the mere printing of the ballots at the expense of the State will not be sufficient. Provision should also be made for their distribution to the voters. This would cut off all excuses for assessing candidates in order to meet the expenses of an election, and destroy the vocation of the "bummers" who get their living by stealing the money contributed for party purposes. We hope this measure, carefully considered and weighed, with a view to making it as effective as possible, will be adopted by the Legislature through the concurrent action of members of both parties, and that our pragmatical Governor may be induced to give it his sanction.

THE RISE IN PRICES.

THE student of economics finds in the statistics of trade in the United States for the past few years evidence of some of the most important and interesting phenomena of modern times. Prices ranged lower in the Autumn of 1885 than at any other time. But, although there has been an enormous increase in the volume of trade during the past two years, making a much greater demand for goods of almost every kind, the advance of prices from the minimum, until within the last two months, has been very small. In other words, instead of demanding higher profits with increased production and sale of goods, manufacturers have been content with the same margin which they were obliged to be satisfied with two years ago.

But, since October 1st, the advance in prices has

been greater than during any six months since 1885, and in some cases greater than during the whole of the two preceding years. For instance, wheat was quoted in this city at 82 cents, October 1st, and at 89½, November 26th; corn at 51½ and 58½ cents respectively on the same dates; oats advanced from 33½ to 36½ cents; lard from \$6.82½ to \$7.50; cotton, middling, from .09 7-16 to 10½; refining sugar from .04 13-16 to .05½; stove coal, from \$4.75 to \$5.75; and so on. In some cases these advances are due to other influences than the operation of the law of supply and demand. That in sugar, for instance, is in large measure explained by the new "trust"; those of coal and petroleum may be traced to combinations, and that in copper to accidents which have reduced production.

On the other hand, the advance in the prices of some raw materials has not been attended by an increase in those of the articles made from them. Cotton is a conspicuous example of this, the price of print cloths having advanced only one-sixteenth of a cent in the past two months. There is every reason to believe that cotton will be dearer than it has been, owing to the diminished crop, but the trade anticipates no increase in the prices of cotton goods. There has been a decline in the price of iron since October 1st, steel rails having fallen from \$38 to \$32 a ton, while nearly all the lesser metals have advanced.

This rise in prices is not surprising; the remarkable thing is that it was so long delayed and, on the whole, has been so moderate. And even now, while the largest retail demand on record is sustaining the course and progress of trade—and no Winter ever opened after a year of more even and continuous employment of labor at high wages than the past—there is a remarkable absence of speculation in all legitimate branches of trade, and a willingness to be content with small profits, which it is difficult to explain.

The signs of the times are favorable for the continuance indefinitely of the present era of prosperity.

REPUBLICANS AND TEMPERANCE.

AFTER a long course of shilly-shallying and intrigue, of straddling and time-serving, the Republican party in New York is beginning to realize that the liquor question must be squarely met. Hitherto the managers have underestimated the strength of temperance sentiment throughout the State, and have acted in the belief that it was possible, by adroit tactics, to hold both the temperance and the saloon vote. The result of the late election has proved the fallacy of this belief. The dubious plank embodied in the State platform repelled both temperance men and liquor-dealers. In Rochester, for example, the politicians were afraid to renominate Mr. Pitts for the Senate because of his pronounced record as a friend of temperance legislation. They sought a compromise with the liquor interests by nominating another candidate. The result was that temperance men were disgusted, the liquor-dealers finally preferred to trust the Democrat, and the Democratic candidate was elected from a district naturally Republican. Here the manly way would have been the profitable way, but the Republicans turned their backs upon principle and success. The strength of the sentiment which the Republicans might have relied upon is shown in the canvass of Assemblyman Maurer, in Monroe County, for re-election. He voted against the Crosby and Vedder Bills at the last session, to conciliate the liquor-dealers in his district. They did renominate him, but the temperance voters beat him at the polls. The Democratic pluralities in New York, Troy and Rochester alone show an increase of over 10,000, while the increase of the total plurality over that of 1885 is only 7,000. It is at least possible that the liquor vote in these cities might have been overcome if the Republican party had courageously presented a strong moral issue to the voters of the interior. And this at last the managers acknowledge to be necessary.

Warned by these facts, by the resolute demand of the Church Congress for temperance legislation, and by the proofs that the straightforward adoption of High License has actually strengthened the party in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, the Republican party in New York is preparing to make a stand on an honest temperance platform. Its chief organ, the *Tribune*, points to the successful defiance of the Personal Liberty and Liquor Leagues by the Pennsylvania Republicans, and demands that the party in New York shall, as in the past, win, by having the force of its ideas and the courage to stand up for them. Other journals, like the *Mail and Express* and Rochester *Democrat*, follow in the same vein; the former urging the Republican leaders to identify themselves openly and unreservedly with the Anti-Saloon Republican State League at its convention in Syracuse on December 15th. The latter journal truly says: "One thing is certain, and that is, that the Republicans cannot afford hereafter to make the slightest compromise with principle, even by the silence of its candidates." These are encouraging words, and action upon them means the ultimate downfall of the liquor power.

THE QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

PUBLIC excitement, already sufficiently intense in Canada over Commercial Union and the Fishery Commission, has been still further increased by the Inter-Provincial Conference recently held

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at Quebec. For some time past considerable friction has existed between the Dominion Government and several of the Provincial Governments regarding privileges and their respective rights, and the difficulty has been magnified by partisans eager to embarrass the Government at Ottawa, and thereby hasten the wished-for period of their own return to power.

The ostensible object of the recent Conference was the revision of the British North America Act, or, as it is more generally styled, the Act of Confederation, and delegates claiming to be duly accredited by their respective Provincial Governments were present from Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island and British Columbia refused to send delegates. The first resolution adopted at the Conference proposes to transfer the veto power from the Federal authority at Ottawa to the Queen in Council, and to leave each Province the exclusive right of legislating on matters assigned to it, subject only to this Imperial restriction. The adoption of this proposition would render abortive the scheme of confederation, leaving the various Provinces almost where they were previous to the union in 1867, and would reduce the Dominion Government to a mere figurehead, with the semblance without the reality of power. The second resolution recommends the adoption of some method by which Imperial decisions on cases of appeal may be rendered in a more expeditious manner than as at present. Under existing circumstances a decision on appeal to the Privy Council can only be secured through the slow process of litigation. A resolution relating to the Dominion Senate recommended that vacancies in that body should be filled, as they arise, by the Provinces, until one-half of its members were provincial nominees, after which the Dominion would resume its commanding power; but in every case the appointments were to be for a certain number of years, not for life, as at present.

Much might be said in favor of the project of Provincial representation in the Canadian Senate, but to unite with this a selective system, such as now prevails, besides being cumbersome, would render legislation in that body almost impossible, in consequence of the action produced by conflicting interests and opinions between the two sets of Senators. Another resolution was aimed at the Dominion Government's disallowance of the Manitoba Red River Valley Railway, and recommended that the Government be shorn of the power of prohibiting railways built under Provincial jurisdiction. Another important resolution was in favor of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

These resolutions are to be at once submitted to the Provincial governments, then forwarded to the Federal Government at Ottawa, and, in the event of the latter declining to request the Imperial Government to make the desired changes in the Act of Confederation, it is not improbable that some of the Provincial Governments may send delegations to London to petition for such changes.

There is one obvious objection which may be urged against the conclusions of the Conference—it was not national in any true sense, being a more representative gathering of the party opposed to the government now in power in Canada. Certainly the outlook for Canada cannot be said to be promising, in view of the fact that a large portion of the population are plotting and scheming to de-nationalize their country, and to nullify the Act which gave Canada a name as a homogeneous people.

ESTHETICISM IN MEN'S DRESS.

An extravagant amount of printer's ink has been spilled in lamentations over the plainness, not to say ugliness, of modern masculine dress. Not long since one of the art magazines published an article which was one prolonged wail over the difficulties in the way of the portrait-painter by modern costume. As the sculptor, every one knows the terrible time which he has in draying statesmen so that they may not be mistaken for a dairymaids' dummies. Greenough boldly went back to classical times, and depicted the Father of his Country in undress, shivering in a ga, but this example is not likely to be imitated. The cloak was a stand-by of the sculptor for a time, and when a long-suffering public finally rebelled, the sculptor fell back on loose overcoats, undercoats with rolling lapels and a general bogginess which could throw a sensitive tailor into fits. As for trousers, they were melancholy necessity, and the less said about them the better.

But, however, have not been the only ones moved by a noble sentiment at the severity of modern dress. A hundred years ago the mad-skirted coats, long waistcoats, knee-breeches and hose of men shone with all the colors of the rainbow. Up to the time that knee-breeches disappeared in Wellington or Blucher boots the male animal could lay some claims to picturesqueness. And then he fell on the evil days of dress cut in stiff lines and angles, and of a color, even dingy colors, and then followed the crowning horror of the "chimney-pot" hat. For more than two generations beauty in masculine attire has been unknown. Perhaps this period of long depression is to be succeeded by a reaction.

About the time that the first stirrings of the decorative art craze foolish virgins to decorating blacking-boxes and tomato-cans, young collegiate youth with well-developed calves undertook a concerted movement for the introduction of knickerbockers or knee-breeches. A callous public, not yet educated to appreciation of the human form, discouraged the move, but the pioneers have held to see their cause triumph, as tennis and bicycling came to aid, and in Summer, trousers have been compelled to abdicate supreme sovereignty. Loose white flannels, soft hats, and "frazers" whose colors warrant the name, have become familiar fixtures of the Summer season. Reveling in the freedom thus obtained, and perhaps inspired by the universal powwowing over the ingenuous American youth has sought the further introduction of color and variety into his dress. In the Summer he dons his snowy flannels with a gorgeous "cumberbund," a silken sash. But as the day of such decoration is brief, he has sought to confine some picturesque phases of attire throughout the year. A few years ago even gold studs or a watchchain with evening dress was sternly frowned upon. We may as well acknowledge that all attempts to modify evening dress and to distinguish the gentleman from his waiter have failed, but the young gentleman of to-day is rapidly becoming literally an "ornament to society." His necktie varies with the plumage of the peacock, as he who runs may see the shop-windows of the haberdashers. His shirts follow the fashions of the tennis-players. There are shirts with red, pink and blue stripes, shirts of pique embroidered with vari-colored silk, shirts with salmon dots, and green shirts which are not to be taken symbolically.

Where the increasing audacity in the color of clothes will end is a question opening a wild field of conjecture. Perhaps in a splendor equaling that of a hundred years ago. Perhaps red coats will not be confined to the bold hunters of the anise-seed bag. The coat in a reduced form has come back in the cape of the Inverness similar overcoats. Opals, cat's eyes, and more precious stones in Indian hues, are no longer novelties in masculine attire, and umbrellas enriched with fine work in silver and gold in the same tendency towards the ornamental. At night, if we modestly venture to follow the ingenuous youth to his chamber,

we find that he has borrowed from the Orient not only the "cumberbund," but the pajamas, and in this, adorned with color and embroidery, he sleeps and dreams of further triumphs for masculine aestheticism.

THE ACTIVITY IN SCULPTURE.

THERE never was a time in the United States when the commemoration of historic deeds by monumental sculpture was so universal as to-day. The idea of erecting suitable memorials to national heroes, to feats of arms by individuals, regiments or brigades, or to signalize some exceptional historical event, is a conspicuous mark of the general recognition of worth by all sections of the Union, going to show that republics are not as ungrateful as the old saw hath it. Only the other day the Kentuckians, at Lexington, dedicated an imposing monument to John C. Breckinridge, who, at the age of forty years, was the Southern champion against Lincoln in the memorable political contest of 1860, which precipitated the Civil War. The addresses made at the dedicatory exercises, while dwelling on the eminence of the Kentucky statesman, yet in their essence told a sad lesson—one too common in the lives of brilliant men called suddenly at a trying moment to select between two horns of a painful dilemma. Breckinridge, as Vice president, in an honorable manner declared the result, but thenceforth cast his fortunes with the South. He never rose to prominence again, save as a soldier among the Confederates; but a reunited country can afford to forget the spirit which led him to go with his State in that bloody struggle, as many others went, also. All through the South public monuments are rising to the memories of those who were the guiding spirits of that protracted conflict, and these memorials, testifying local admiration and affection, must be respected by all; for, what are they, any way, but historic landmarks of one phase of a great crisis in our history, to be cherished as such when all acrimony engendered by sectional strife shall have been buried for ever?

But if the South has been generously giving her dollars that the courage and devotion of her sons should not be forgotten, the North has been no less liberal in paying a similar debt to the deeds of her heroes. Battle monuments are the rage, and the field of Gettysburg is being transformed into such a cemetery as the world never knew before. The State of New York alone has appropriated \$200,000 to assist the eighty-nine commands of the Commonwealth to erect, each for itself, a suitable monument to mark its exploits on that historic field. This is emphatically an American idea; for who has observed, save in verse and story, a like veneration displayed on the site of any great clash of arms on other soil? Who has been at Waterloo—a field which, as some thoughtless philosopher said, turned back the clock of human progress half a century—could see written on the topography of that scene of one of the greatest struggles of modern time any evidence of the event itself? The tiresome old guides will regale you with a few time-honored anecdotes; he will show you where Wellington, with a single swoop, annihilated the whole French army; where Blucher dropped in on a foaming charger and changed the destiny of France and of Europe; or, conversely, for an additional franc, according as he measures your accent and the drift of your national sympathies, he will tell how the Little Corporal was basely betrayed, and how he nearly won the day, although he chose to go off towards Paris in considerable haste. The same is true of nearly all of the celebrated theatres of armed conflict since authentic history began. But now the survivors of the Civil War have taken a different view of the duties of those who should mark military history by enduring monuments, and hence Gettysburg stands out even now as, in this respect, the remarkable battlefield of the world, even as the brief interval since the time Lee's army was defeated teaches us that it was the salvation of "a government of the people, for the people and by the people," as Lincoln said when on that very spot he sententiously proclaimed the magnitude of the victory there won.

It is understood that the Democrats are now prepared to favor legislation looking to the admission of three new Territories into the Union. Hitherto they have objected that, if admitted prior to 1888, these Territories would have an important influence upon the pending Presidential election; but now that this contingency no longer exists, they are willing to recognize the manifest right of the Territories to admission. It is considered quite probable that Bills will be passed at the present session for the admission of Dakota, Washington and New Mexico. The cases of Montana and Idaho are not likely to be acted upon, and that of Utah can safely be postponed until the Gentile population shall become dominant in the Territory.

If the Washington *Star* is correct, the present Congress will not lack for fiery splendor, even if the usual pyrotechnics should not illuminate its debates. That paper says that there are twenty-seven red-headed Representatives in the House, not including many with sandy hair that is almost red. As red hair is by some superstitious people regarded as an evidence of good luck, it is supposed that there will be a strife among the committees to secure for each at least one of these peculiarly favored Representatives. A proposition was made that all the red-headed members be sworn in at once, "standing in a circle of fire around the Speaker's desk," but that was a little too inflammatory for the conservative House, and a spectacle that would have been historic was lost to the world.

REVOLUTIONARY widows are tough. General John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions, announces the amazing fact that there are still thirty-eight widows of Revolutionary soldiers on the pension roll. The last Revolutionary soldier died more than thirty years ago, and the youngest of the widows was born more than forty years after that war was over, but still the lively old girls continue to waltz up to the pension-office, and one of them got her claim for a pension admitted only a fortnight ago. It looks now as if the beginning of the twentieth century would shine on quite a squad of Revolutionary widows, drawing pay by proxy, for service in a war that ended 120 years before. The way for a woman to prolong her life is not to rely for vigor on any of the patented nostrums, or even on cheerfulness and exercise, but on a matrimonial alliance with one of Uncle Sam's defenders who is in receipt of a pension.

THERE never was a time in the history of the United States when the militia was in as good a condition as it is to-day. Before the War its organization was irregular; some of the States had no citizen soldiery that was worthy the name; its arms and equipment were deficient and poor in quality, and its discipline and drill sadly neglected. The organization of such armies as were placed in the field between 1861 and 1865, both by the North and by the South, from a people so generally ignorant of military duties, is one of the wonders of modern times. After the war, so many of the young men of the country had seen actual service in the field, that "playing soldier" had few attractions for them. But now that a new

generation has grown up, there has been a revival of interest in the militia, as is shown by the prominence given the subject by Adjutant-general Drum in his annual report to the Secretary of War. The Governors of no less than thirteen States requested the detail of army officers to inspect their militia camps last Summer, and the reports these gentlemen made are of a character to inspire the greatest confidence in the military strength of the country. If we astonished the world twenty-five years ago, what might we not do to-day, with our increased population and resources, and superior preparations?

THE expedition to make the final surveys for the Nicaragua Canal has sailed from this city, and the work which Civil Engineer Menocal, U. S. N., Chief Engineer of the Nicaragua Construction Company, has laid out for it, will be sufficient to employ its force for the whole Winter. The failure of, and the ultimate abandonment of work upon, the Panama Canal, is now confidently looked for, and is probably only a question of a brief time. The work was too gigantic a one for even the genius of a De Lesseps, and its cost will be so enormous that it is doubtful if it could ever pay one per cent. profit upon the sum that would be expended upon its construction; and this cost has been unnecessarily increased by extravagant management. To the Nicaragua route, therefore, which has been approved by the most learned scientific men in this country who have given the subject attention, we may confidently look for the first practical canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and this, we learn, will be pushed forward with all possible vigor.

THE question, "What shall be done with anarchists?" is apparently settled, for the present at least. All American communities have decided, *nem. con.*, that the existing police regulations are sufficient; that anarchists who commit murder, either as principals or accessories, shall be hanged; and that anarchists who, either in conversation or speeches, counsel to violence, shall be sent to jail as malefactors under the common law. The sacredness of "free speech" will not be invaded or impaired by the punishment of men who instigate to the commission of free crime. Nothing else will need to be done, unless, indeed, Congress should wisely act on Senator Platt's suggestion and enact a law forbidding the immigration of anarchists, requiring every immigrant before taking ship to obtain a certificate of worthiness from the nearest consul. The idea is a capital one, and, though there might be practical difficulties in realizing it, a way could doubtless be found by which it could be enforced, to the great advantage of our country, and to the relief of lovers of law and peace everywhere.

JUDGE REAGAN, who had charge of the Interstate Commerce Bill in the House of Representatives, in the last Congress, says that the Commission have exceeded their authority in allowing a railroad to charge a higher rate for a short haul than for a long haul where there is water competition, competition from foreign railroads, or, under certain circumstances, competition from other American lines. The Commission has been beset with many perplexities in its efforts to enforce the law. The Act deals with a subject not before legislated upon by Congress, and contemplated radical changes in the policies of some of the greatest corporations in the country. While the general scope of the law is proper and its details wisely conceived, it was to be expected that there would at first be great friction in its execution, and that in many particulars it would have to be modified. The Commissioners are entitled to credit for the manner in which they have performed their difficult and perplexing duties, and while some modification of the law will be necessary, it is to be hoped there will be no disposition in Congress to make the work of the Commission more difficult by unjustly criticizing its members.

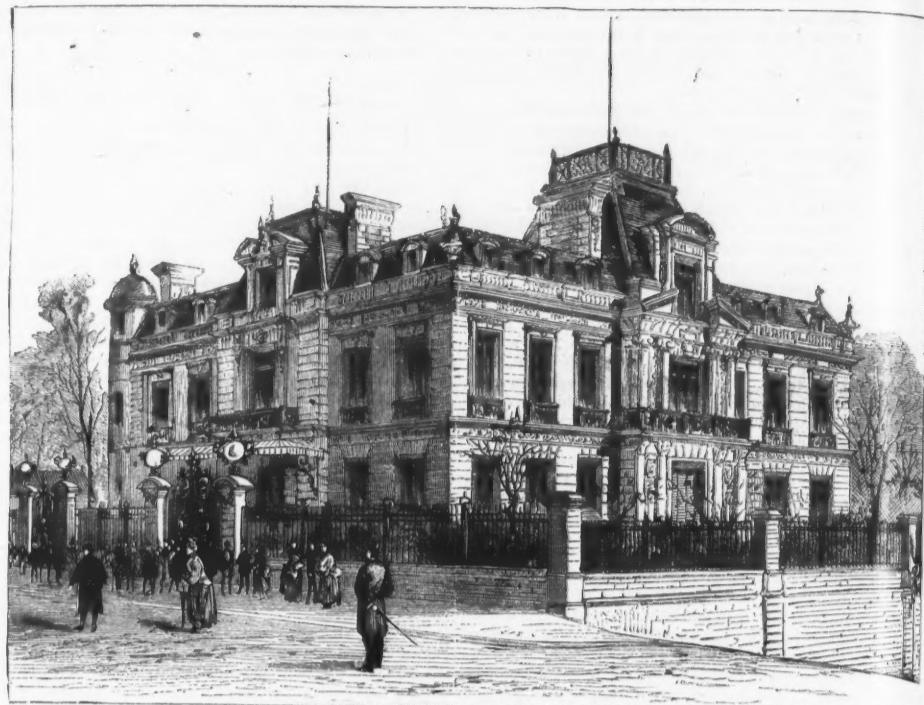
THE conviction of John Most for incendiary speech and inciting to riot is another timely rebuke to the advocates of license and sedition under the guise of freedom of speech. Most is a representative of the very worst anarchism. His own testimony showed that he does not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, and that his whole career has been marked by hostility to organized society. He was twice convicted of treason in Austria, and was four times imprisoned in Germany for political offenses, and once for blasphemy, being subsequently convicted in England and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for applauding in a communistic newspaper the killing of the Czar. During his residence in this country, he has written several incendiary books, one of which was specially devoted to teaching the use of dynamite and other explosives. That a fiend of this sort should abuse the shelter which this country affords him to make war upon its government and institutions is not surprising, but it would be simply amazing if juries and courts should permit him to continue his seditious practices, after due proof of his offense. It is quite safe to say that in New York no jury will ever fail in its duty in this respect.

THE fine audiences which filled Chickering Hall to overflowing on Monday and Tuesday afternoons of last week, might have led a stranger to suppose that the attraction was nothing less than the presentation of a champion's belt to some pugilist, or the theatrical *début* of a society lady. Such a supposition, however, would have wronged the beauty and brains which had assembled to listen to the authors' readings for the benefit of the American Copyright League, and to see the authors themselves. Mr. James Russell Lowell, the President of the League, occupied the chair. Around him were grouped such fixed stars of our literary firmament as Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. George William Curtis, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. George W. Cable, and Colonel R. M. Johnston, together with some of the rising lights, including Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mr. H. C. Bunner, and Mr. James Whitecomb Riley. Certain of the authors—Messrs. Riley, Page and Cable, in particular—are successful elocutionists; others handled the children of their brains very roughly. All the same, the readings were a great success, the net proceeds of the two afternoons being over \$4,000. At the subsequent meeting of the Council of the League, a general feeling of encouragement at the prospects of the movement for International Copyright was expressed. At the same meeting unanimous resolutions were adopted against the stamp system of Copyright proposed by Mr. Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, and embodied in an article published in the English *Nineteenth Century* for November, under the heading of, "An Olive Branch from America." Mr. Smith's plan would permit any American publisher to reprint any English book, provided he affixed to each copy of it a stamp certifying that the author has received his royalty on the copy sold. Such a branch, however, bears no fruit—at least, not for the authors whom International Copyright is meant principally to benefit. What the League and its friends must do, is to sacrifice personal prejudices and theories in behalf of a broad, practicable measure of reform, and employ their energy in urging the latter upon their respective representatives in Congress with emphasis and decision.

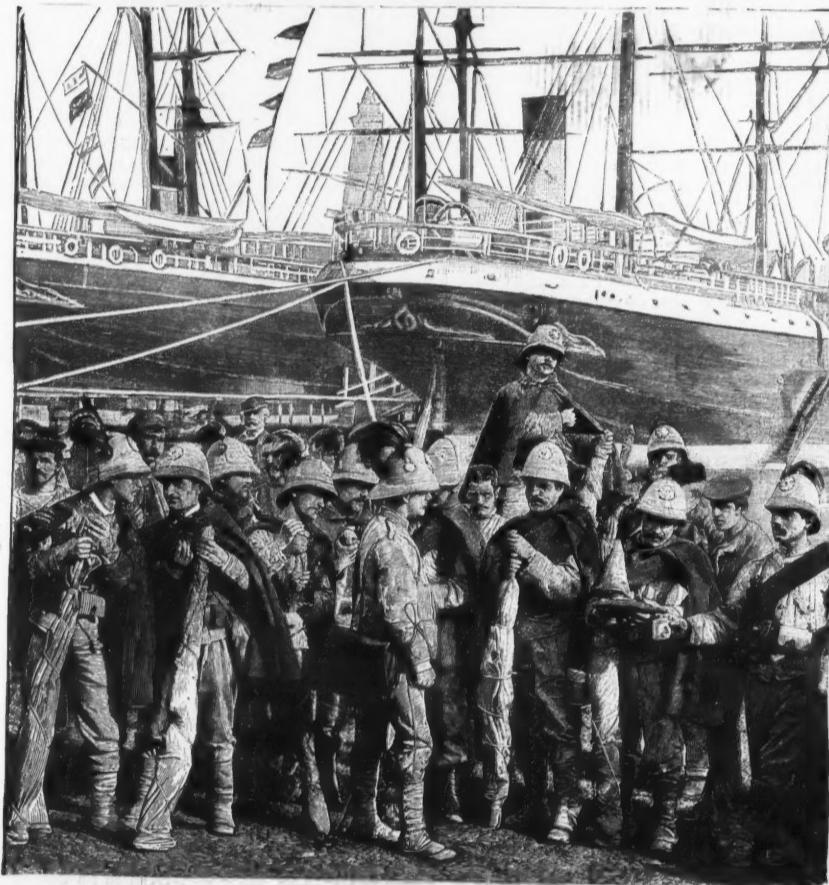
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 279.



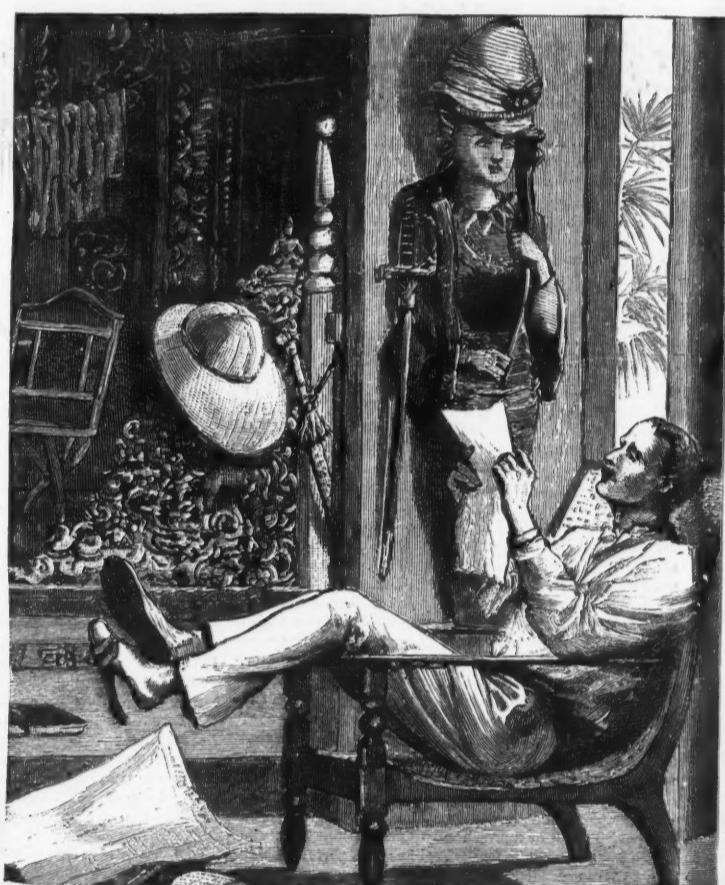
FRANCE.—JUBILEE GIFTS, TO BE PRESENTED TO POPE LEO XIII.
BY THE CATHOLICS AND CLERGY OF PARIS.



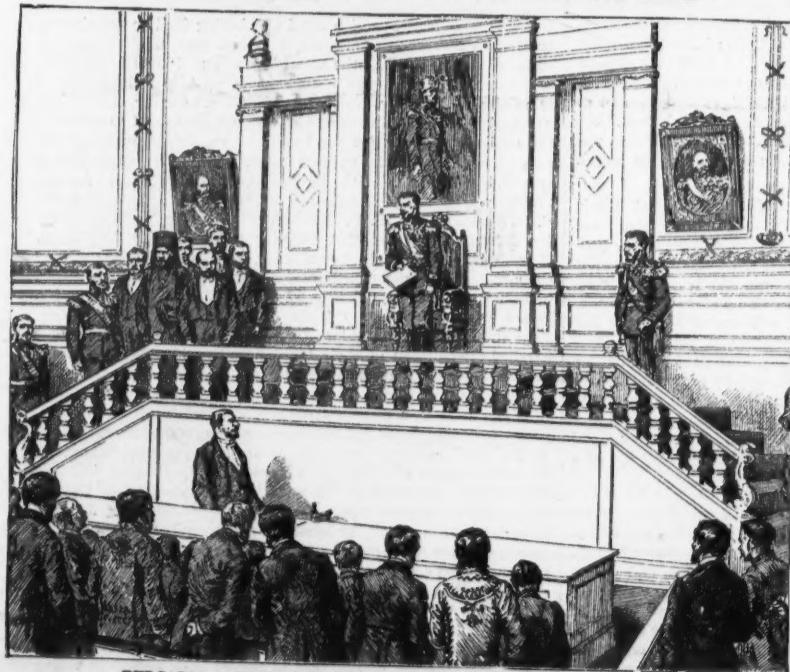
FRANCE.—PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF M. JULES GRÉVY, AVENUE D'ÉNA, PARIS.



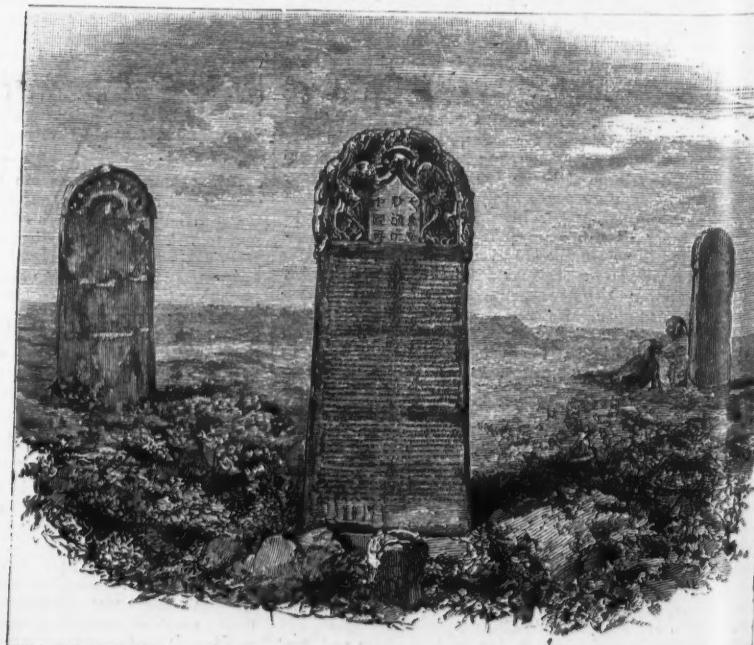
ITALY.—DEPARTURE, FROM NAPLES, OF TROOPS FOR AFRICA.



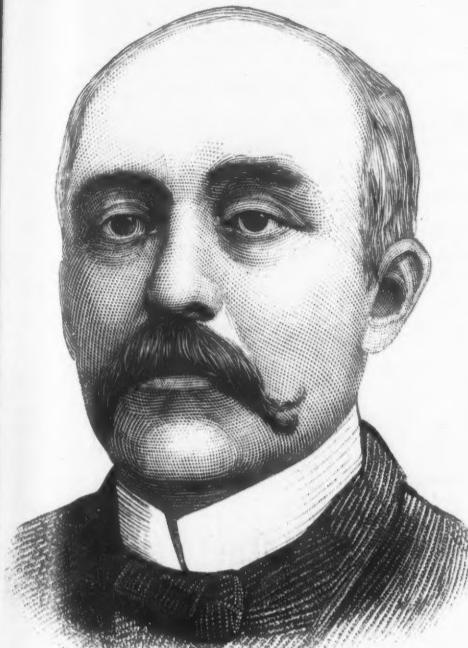
BURMAH.—IN THE KING'S GOLDEN PAGODA, MANDALAY.



BULGARIA.—PRINCE FERDINAND OPENING THE NEW SOBRANJE.



CHINA.—TABLET OF THE NESTORIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH, DISCOVERED NEAR SI-NGAN.



FRANCE.—M. CLÉMENCEAU, LEADER OF THE PARTY OF THE EXTREME LEFT.

M. CLÉMENCEAU AND THE FRENCH CRISIS.

M. CLÉMENCEAU, the leader of the party of the Extreme Left in the French Chamber of Deputies, has held a leading hand in the present anomalous political situation, as he did in the less momentous Cabinet crisis a year ago. He is regarded by many as the Gambetta of to-day; and he certainly shares with his friend and quondam protégé, General Boulanger, the distinction of having the eyes of the world upon him, while the record he has already achieved makes him no uncertain factor in the political game now in progress.

M. Clémenceau was born at Mouilleron-en-Pareds (Vendée), forty-six years ago, studied medicine at Nantes and Paris, took his degree as doctor, and practised at Montmartre. After the revolution of September, 1870, he was appointed Mayor of the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris, and a member of the Commission of Communal Education. At the election of February 8th, 1871, he was elected a representative of the Department of the Seine in the National Assembly, where he took his place among the members of the Extreme Left, and voted against the preliminaries of peace. On March 18th, he made an effort to save the lives of

General Leconte and Clément Thomas, but did not arrive at the place of execution until too late. The Central Committee of the Communists decreed the arrest of Dr. Clémenceau, but he eluded their police. At the trial of the murderers, some of the witnesses accused him of not having interfered as early as he might have, but the testimony of Colonel Langlois cleared him. These accusations, however, led to the celebrated Clémenceau-Poussargues duel, in which Dr. Clémenceau was wounded. After having taken part in the unsuccessful attempt at conciliation between the Government and the Commune, he resigned, and retired into private life, but only for a brief period. He was elected a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, and eventually became its President, in November, 1875. He was again elected a Deputy for the Department of the Seine by the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris in February, 1876, again in October, and so on. His subsequent career, down to his helping of Boulanger to power, the reported subsequent estrangement of the two friends, etc., are matters of contemporary history.

The fact that M. Clémenceau has been a practicing physician, joined to that of his prolonged visit to the United States a few years ago, explains the dubious report lately in circulation, to the effect that he at one time practised medicine in New York. He has, however, an American wife, in addition to a good deal of Yankee vim in his own composition; and he is a warm friend and admirer of the States.

PROF. SAMUEL P. LANGLEY.

PROF. SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, who succeeds Spencer F. Baird as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was born at Roxbury, Mass., in 1834, and received his professional training at the Harvard Astronomical Observatory. Subsequently he became Director of the Observatory at Alleghany, Pa., and held this position at the time of his election to the Smithsonian Secretarship. It is said that his acceptance of the latter was conditioned on his being allowed to complete certain work of a scientific nature upon which he has been for some time engaged at Alleghany. Prof. Langley has written extensively upon astronomical topics, especially upon solar phenomena. He has accompanied or led several scientific expeditions to Europe—in 1870 to Spain, to observe an eclipse; and in 1878 to Mount Etna. It was while making observations, some years ago, at a high elevation in Southern California, that he reached the conclusion that the real color of the sun is blue. The Smithsonian is to be felicitated upon securing a man of such superior attainments as the successor of the lamented Baird.

THE MASONIC FAIR.

THE great fair in aid of the Masonic Asylum Fund opened with a splendid attendance and amidst a gorgeous array of booths and decorations, in the Grand Lodge Room of the Masonic Temple, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, on Monday afternoon of last week. It will continue for three weeks. The rich donations which have been made, and the throng of beauty and fashion circulating at all hours among the brilliant bazaars with which the great hall is lined, already assure the triumphant success of this crowning enterprise upon which the ladies of the Masonic Fair Association have expended so much energy and care. The fund raised by the Fair, it should be remembered, is to go to the build-



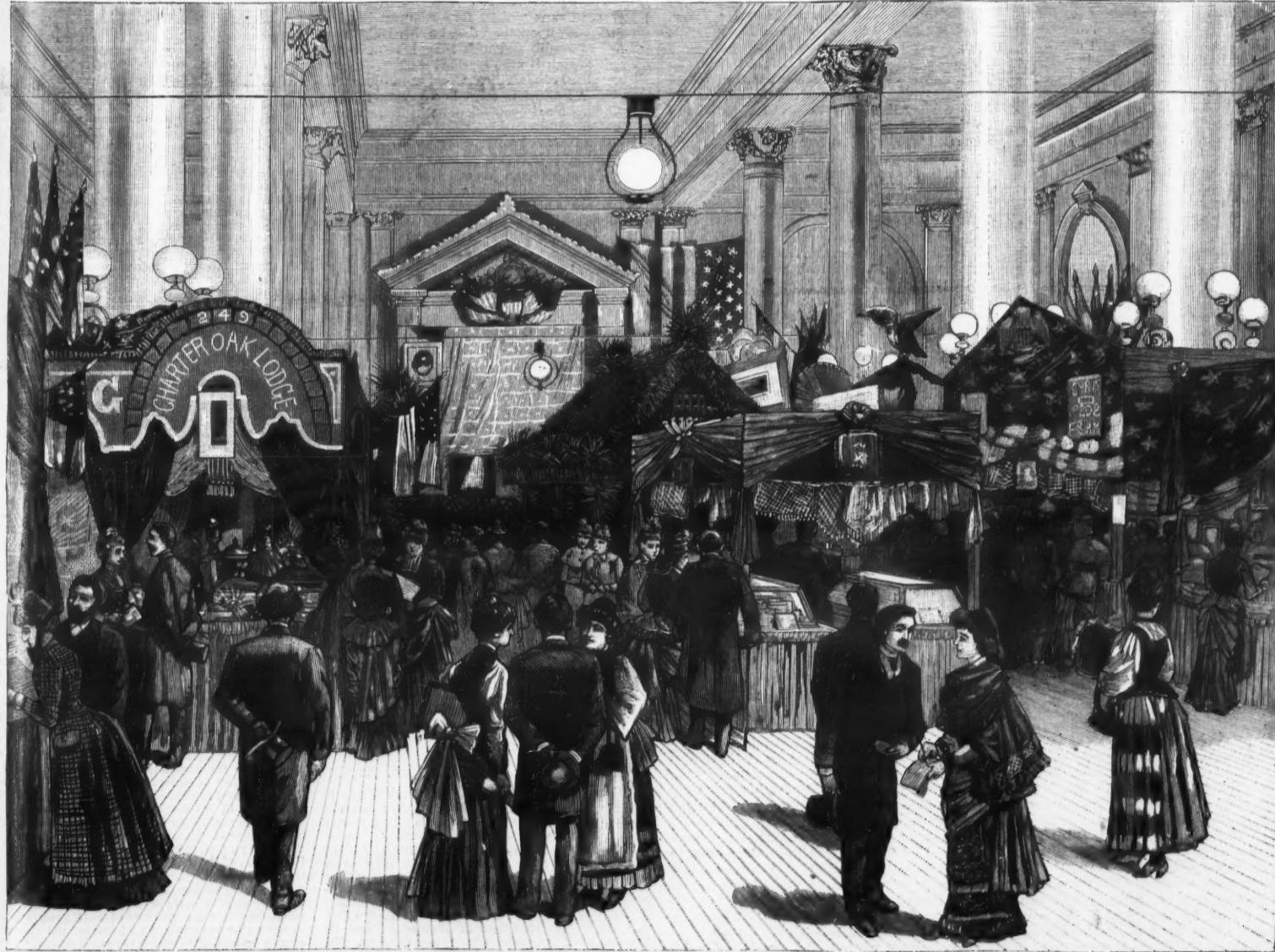
WASHINGTON, D. C.—PROFESSOR SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, NEW SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

ing of an asylum for destitute Masons, and for the widows and orphans of Masons, and not towards paying off the indebtedness upon the temple. In his opening speech, Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence said that of this indebtedness, only about \$160,000 now remained to be provided for.

"That sum," he continued, "we may justly expect to receive through the efforts of those in our fraternity whose share of the debt has not yet been contributed. Many of our brethren, dispersed in every portion of the State, are now zealously laboring to accomplish this end, and the determination in general that the effort shall steadily be continued until the last penny of this obligation is finally extinguished. We have now, at last, reached a point at which provision may wisely be begun for the erection of the asylum, and to that purpose the proceeds of the Fair which we are now about to open will be set apart."

It is estimated that nearly \$100,000 worth of presents have been placed at the disposal of the Fair Association; and chances are to be bought upon a number of valuable prizes, including a thousand-dollar sealskin sacque, presented by Mr. Shayne, the furrier, two pianos, and innumerable articles of bric-a-brac. The fun of the



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND MASONIC FAIR AT MASONIC HALL, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.—VIEW OF THE MAIN AISLE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

Fair centres largely in the voting contest for a goat, which is to be presented to the most popular Mason. There is good organ and piano music, and extra entertainments are given every afternoon and evening.

DESIRE.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted,
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But, if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted;
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine-strung instrument of thy being;
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire;
When both, in key and rhythm are agreeing,
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so, waits in the distance,
Wrapped in the Silences, unseen and dumb.
'Tis thine to make it part of thy existence;
Live worthy of it—call—and it will come.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY
AND HER THREE UNCLES.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED).

MY birthday came. I was twelve years old. It was a bright June day—much such a day as that first one which my memory brings before me as I sit here and write the story of my girlhood.

I rose before the sun was up. I dressed myself in the early dawn, while the Summer breezes whispered in the vines along the eaves, and the birds came and sang in the great tree just outside my window.

I stole down to my mother's room. I opened the door, and entered on tiptoe. But disappointment awaited me. Early as I was—and it was very early for me—my mother was earlier. Her room was empty. I went to the window. My astonishment was great; my mother and my uncle were walking slowly up and down in the garden, arm-in-arm.

I would not join them. I think, somewhat, that I had never disliked and distrusted Uncle Mark as I did then. I ran down-stairs, and took occasion to run into the now vacant library to get a book I desired.

I entered. I stood behind a bookcase quite a distance from the door, and entirely concealed from it, unless I chose to make my presence known, when the door opened. My mother entered, closely followed by my uncle.

My uncle was talking in a very low tone, but with great earnestness. I noiselessly moved into a position in which I could see and hear without being myself seen or heard. I suppose I was too young to understand the nature of the act I was committing, in stooping to be an eavesdropper. Such was my distrust of my uncle, however, that I think neither age and experience, nor any notions of honor, would have induced me to come bravely forward and leave the room.

My mother sank wearily into a chair. My uncle took a seat on the opposite side of the table from her. His every movement was characterized by slowness and deliberation. He walked to the chair he chose with as much slowness and dignity as though he were counting his steps and posing for the benefit of an audience. His hand trembled slightly as he laid it upon the back of the chair, and he waited until his touch was firm again before he made another movement. Then he turned the chair slowly into the place he had selected for it, and seated himself with the greatest imaginable deliberation. And all the time his eyes, fixed with an unwavering attention upon my mother's face, blazed with a sort of half-suppressed fury, and the words fell from his lips so rapidly as to make his speech seem almost frenzied.

"It's more than twelve—almost thirteen years ago," he said, "and all the chances are against your views. He will never come again—never. Depend upon it, there was some crime, or some shame at least, at the bottom of his sudden disappearance. You've waited day and night, with your warm woman's heart, ready to forgive and forget, ready to take him in your arms and shut his confession—if he has one to make—back behind his lips with your kisses. You're a fool, Constance, a blind, lovesick fool, and unworthy of your ancestry! I should have thought no Dawdon would ever have sunk so low as you have done—never so low as you have. Think of it! Think of it! There has been no moment, day nor night, since the time your husband left you without a word—left you before your child, and his, was born—that you would not have met him with welcome on your lips and in your eyes. With shame I know it; with shame I say it! But do you think I have waited here for nothing? Do you think I have been less watchful than you? Do you think I have forgotten—as you would do? Do you dare dream I would forgive—as you have done? If you do—if you do, Constance Vazoill, you are even more a fool than your sentimental waiting proves you. You have waited; so have I. You have been patient; so have I. You have cherished love; I have nourished hate. I tell you frankly that if Bertrand Vazoill does come back, and I am so fortunate as to meet him first, he shall never see you nor you him. I will send him away again, and send him with such a story as shall keep him away from you for ever. And I shall see him first—I will see him first! Do you think I've shut myself up in this accursed den because I love books? Bah! I detest books! I loathe the sight of them! But I could pass a very creditable examination for either law or medicine now, and I knew nothing of either twelve years ago. And literature! Literature is a precious humbug! But I know half the poems the best authors, ancient and modern, have written, almost by heart, and I can quote pages and pages of the best fiction and essays and history. Industrious! Yes, the industry that has an object outside itself. My object has been the killing of time. I love society—travel—adventure—and I've shut myself up here for twelve years,

and more, to the end that Bertrand Vazoill may never meet you again. He never shall; by the Eternal God, he never shall!"

He paused, his very vehemence seeming to have left him without words in which to express himself further. He sprang from his chair; his limbs trembled; he started across the room at a gait that was not less than a run. Then he stopped. I could see the muscles along his face swell as he shut his teeth firmly together. After a little his nervous agitation disappeared, and he commenced to pace backward and forward across the room, so slowly and deliberately that it spoke well for the effort he made, and for the magnificent self-control he possessed.

He walked for several minutes, then stopped opposite my mother and looked at her firmly and steadily again.

"Well," she said, quietly, but with evident constraint, "you asked me to come in here this morning in order to say something to me. I supposed you had something new to tell me."

"So you knew all I've said, did you?" he asked, with a wicked leer.

"I did. I've known all these years that my husband was liable to come to my very door, and go away for ever without seeing my face or hearing my voice. I've known that it was a question between us two, you and I, between my wifely devotion and love and your cruelty and hatred. You've surely not brought me here to tell me that?"

"You speak of my cruelty and hatred. Cannot you add something more?"

"I think I might."

"Can you not speak of my love of justice and my regard for the family name and honor?"

"I had not thought of speaking of those things. To be frank with you, I have doubted their existence."

The man placed his hands upon the table and leaned towards her.

"Will you be kind enough," he asked, pointedly, "to tell me just what you have thought?"

She evaded his question by pretending not to understand it, but told him as sharp and unwell-come a truth in her answer as anything she was likely to have said could possibly have done.

"I have thought seriously of forbidding you to live longer in my house," she said.

He struck the table violently with his clinched fist.

"As though you dared!" he said, contemptuously, as he started away on a hurried dash up and down the room, unchecked this time by any care or thought.

Full five minutes passed. Then Mark Dawdon ceased his rapid walk and stood opposite my mother again. He gazed at her with another look in his changeable face this time—look that was pathetic and fearful and appealing—a look with something of apology in it.

"You couldn't do that," he said, and the words were neither assertion, question, nor appeal, but a curious blending of all three; "you couldn't do that. What a life I've led for the last twelve years! How I've suffered, Constance! how I've suffered! I've felt my reason going—going—going—more than once. Then I've gone back to the books again. As long as I can remember the books I am sane. Shall I repeat a few logarithms for you? I know them all—seven places, too—up to ten thousand. They've saved my reason—they've done it more than once. Sometimes I fear I shall go mad. I know I shall if Bertrand Vazoill returns to the house he has dishonored." He paused, then concluded, disconnectedly: "I—shall—go—mad—some—day—I—fear. Then—the—mischief—will—be—to—pay!"

My mother rose up in her place. Her face was pale as the face of the dead. Her hand was pressed over her side as though to hold her heart from bursting under its load of grief and agony.

"My reason is strong enough," she said, "and always has been, thank God. I shall not go mad, Mark, even if you do keep my husband from me. I shall only die."

"Die? I hope not. There's Maude, and—"

"God help me," said my mother, "and give me life until my darling can care for herself; let me live until she is strong enough to battle against evil and succeed in the fight."

"You forget," said Mark, "that your child is provided for in case anything should befall you. Your will leaves me her sole guardian, does it not?"

"It shall not after to-day!" she cried. "I will have the lawyer over and have it changed. And as for you, you may leave my house. I will have you here no longer. Go—go—go!"

"But, Constance—?"

"That is final. Go!"

"After all my self-sacrifice! After all my plans for your good! You've not even let me tell you why I asked for this interview with you."

"I don't care to know. After your cruelty and hatred and—"

She paused.

He bowed with assumed politeness.

"Well?" he asked.

"And wickedness." Her words were clear and emphatic.

"Thank you," he said, gravely. "If there is any one thing in this world I admire more than another, that thing is *Candor!* How few truly candid persons there are! How much of intrigue and deception there is in the world! Your candor is an honor to you, Constance, mistaken though you are. I see I need not tell you why I asked to see you here—not this morning. You are not in a fit condition to appreciate it. Your hasty and ill-judged demand that I leave you alone and unprotected I forgive; I forgive it, and I will forget it. And perhaps some time—"

"You may tell me now why you asked for this interview," said my mother, very quietly.

"Be seated, then," he said, with some show of authority. She obeyed him. He rang the bell.

"Bring wine," he said to the servant who came. "You will need a glass, Constance, before I begin," he said to my mother.

The wine came. Each drank. Girl as I was, I would gladly have taken a glass myself.

"Your husband left you more than twelve years ago," said Mark.

My mother bowed.

"You have not heard a word from him since."

She neither uttered a word nor made a sign.

"The law calls that *Desertion*," he said.

She rose slowly to her feet.

"And *Desertion* is a ground for *Divorce*," he concluded.

"Oh! my husband—my own, my loved one! Dead, perhaps. Deceived and wronged, undoubtedly. Forgive me that I ever called this monster my brother."

She paused a moment. Then she turned towards Mark Dawdon. She pointed her finger at his face.

"Go! Go!" she shrieked; "and go before I call the servants to arrest you for some crime I cannot imagine. You called me here to propose this; and you pretended to know me! Oh, God, what have I ever done that should make him think thus meanly of me? Go, Mark Dawdon. I have hopes for you yet. Come back repentant, come with God's pardon in your heart, and I will give you mine. I feared you were a fiend, but fiends never feel remorse."

"Remorse! What do you mean?"

"That you feel something of regret for two lives you have wrecked."

"Two lives?"

"Yes; my husband's and mine."

"What do you—" "

"What do I think? What do I mean? That you know where my husband is. That you know his fate."

"Well, suppose I do?"

She moved quickly around the table, this sweet, pure woman, and fell upon her knees before that evil man.

"Tell me—tell me," she pleaded and moaned, "do you know where he is?"

"Yes, I do know," he answered.

"Where?"

"In prison." He barely spoke above his breath—the lie.

She rose to her feet and staggered back to her chair again.

"He is good; he is innocent; I love him. Do you think he can believe I would not welcome him when he is free? Twelve years is a very long time, a very long, very long time."

"There are other times longer," he said, doggedly.

"What—what? How long is his sentence?"

"For life."

"The charge?"

"Murder."

"That is enough!" she cried; "quite enough. Go! God's mills will grind fine enough to find you yet. You did it! Go!"

Her head sank wearily forward upon her left arm as it lay upon the table, but her right hand pointed as steadily and unfalteringly towards the door as though it were marble!

The coward obeyed. He walked to the door. He paused. A look of puzzled horror stole into his bad face, followed by a look of such devilish hope as I had never dreamed possible.

He came back and stood by my mother's chair for a long minute. His face grew very grave, though he could not hide the joy which was in him; joy at something, I could not guess what.

"Divorce would have made me safe," he said, as he rose from bending close over mother, "but this is just as well, just as well. I—may—go—mad—some—day—and—the—devil—will—be—to—pay—then!"

So muttering, he left the room.

A cloud came across the sun. A sudden blast shook a shower of rose-leaves upon the ground just outside the window. I shivered, I knew not why. Why should I? I was so hot with anger.

"As well as Divorce?" What did he mean? What could he mean? I ran forward, a nameless fear and terror tugging at my heartstrings.

Spare me the recital of my wild sorrow. I cannot write about it even now without bitter tears, though it was many, many years ago.

For his cruel purpose, it was as well—or better. Bertrand Vazoill might come back, possibly. But he would never find the true heart which had been so loving and so loyal.

The sweetest life I had ever known had gone out; there were the lips—without sweet words or kisses; the eyes—without light or love; the hands—which could no longer serve nor guide. I was alone, worse than alone. I, a little girl of twelve years! I beg the reader's pardon; death had done for me in one short five minutes what years of happy life could not have done; I was a woman now, and I had sworn to find and justify my father, and to bring my mother's murderer to justice, before the frightened servants followed my uncle (and my guardian, now) into the room, and found me alone with my dead.

(To be continued.)

THE BLIZZARD SIGNAL AT ST. PAUL.

THE Signal Service Station at St. Paul, Minn., is

directly opposite the Hotel Ryan; and the

guest of that hostelry at this season of the year is

certain to make the acquaintance, sooner or later,

of the red flag by day and the red lantern by night

which announce the approach of the formidable

blizzard from Manitoba. This is distinctively the

blizzard station of the States, being situated con-

venient to the base of supply of that undesirable

article, St. Paul, in fact, lies in the forty-fifth

parallel of latitude—that of Montreal; and its

Winters have a veritable Arctic snap to them. Ice

palaces and Winter carnivals do a flourishing

business. Certain artistic explorers, in whom we

have noticed a decided disposition to return often

to St. Paul, and to tarry there despite the tempests of the blizzard, assure us that there is ample compensation for the severity of the climate in the hospitality of the city, and the fresh, brilliant beauty of its femininity.

THE CITY OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

TOLEDO is about the youngest of the important cities east of the Mississippi River. While the youngest in years, it is in advance of all others in like population in those things which are today considered of first importance in providing for health, comfort and business success. The early settlers of Toledo were intelligent New Englanders and enterprising Yankees, with a few intelligent Germans, and they planned to provide for a great city, making all improvements with reference to a community of large population and vast business interests.

No city is better provided with drainage than Toledo, and the fact that the death-rate is lower here than in any other city shows the wisdom of this protection. The city has one of the most perfect systems of waterworks, furnishing water which is entirely wholesome. No city of its size in the country can show as many miles of paved streets, or as many miles of fine stone sidewalks. The people have expended many millions of dollars in the class of improvements, and feel that the investment was a good one.

In the matter of manufactories, Toledo has a larger number and a greater variety of industries than any other city of 100,000 inhabitants. There are, in all, over 800 different industries in Toledo. While some of these are large and employ 500 to 600 men each, the majority are small and building up to more important proportions. A large rolling-mill will soon be in operation, and a stove factory, glass factory, and other important enterprises, are about to start. An important fact in this connection is, that the manufacturers of the city, all taken together, have had a growth of business during the current year fully equal to twenty-five per cent, as compared with last year.

There is near the city a large deposit of fine glass-sand as the world produces. From nine to ninety-six per cent. of this sand is glass, and is shipped to manufacturers in other cities. Now there are several companies about to engage in manufacturing glass here, where they not only have the sand at hand, but natural gas for fuel.

There are two pipe lines now furnishing the city with natural gas. The supply is abundant, and the cost to manufacturers is so low that many capitalists are arranging to invest there and reap the advantages which are afforded. Another pipe line will probably soon be constructed. An abundance of gas has recently been discovered at but about one-half the distance from the city that it is now piped. There are also near the city the finest oil-wells in the country. Thus, Toledo has natural gas, oil and glass-sand at her very doors.

Toledo's facilities for distributing manufactured products are unequalled. In addition to lake and canal water facilities, there are seventeen—practically twenty-four—railroads running into the five depots in the city. These bring to the city the chief products of the great Winter wheat belt from the West, the lumber from the North, and the coal from Southern and Eastern Ohio. Iron ore is brought by vessels, as is hard coal. This is the natural meeting-point for coal and iron ore, and now that natural gas can be had there cheaper than coal, Toledo's facilities for successfully building up important enterprises are unsurpassed. There is practically nothing that capital or enterprise can desire that Toledo cannot supply.

In addition to all this, Toledo claims to have a larger number of beautiful residence streets, and a larger number of fine residences, than any other city of like population in the country. The city has also fine school buildings and the best class of schools. It has, perhaps, the best Manual Training School, in connection with the public schools, to be found in the world. Also, one of the finest memorial buildings to be found in the country. The General Government is just completing a handsome public building for a post-office, etc. Then there are the usual number of fine churches.

The fact that the city can show the lowest mortality-rate, fine streets, the best of schools, and all that can be desired by those seeking investment for capital or enterprise, or homes for their families, must continue to give it pre-eminence. The facilities for pleasure during the warm summer months, by reason of fine boats running daily to the Islands, to Detroit, to Presque Isle, and to other points, are all that could be desired.

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA MINERS.

THE great strike of the coal-miners in the Lehigh valley began weeks ago, still continues in full force, notwithstanding the efforts of certain companies to Hazleton and elsewhere to effect a compromise.

A former employee of one of the Lehigh companies declared that no proposition for settlement will be entertained unless it shall be put absolutely upon the ground that the strikers shall return to work upon the same basis of wages that was paid when the strike was inaugurated. One or two companies recently offered an advance of four and a half per cent. to their men to resume work, but the miners laughed at the proposition, claiming that there is no prospect whatever that it will be accepted by any of the strikers. They say that this proposed advance of four and a half per cent. would take nothing from the profits of the operator, but would come entirely from the consumer, whom the coal companies have forced to pay a large advance on the price of coal even as it was sold when the strike began. There is little prospect of a break anywhere in the ranks of the men. The miners have placed the management of the strike in the hands of William T. Lewis, Master Workman of the Miners' National District Assembly No. 5132, which has 200,000 men under its jurisdiction. A per capita tax

DECEMBER 10, 1887.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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On Saturday nights, the begrimed bread-winner gets a scrubbing at the hands of his wife, who only on these occasions enjoys the privilege of beholding "her man" in his natural hue.

There is so little of distraction or amusement in these desolate mining towns, that it is no wonder

if the Irishman seeks forgetfulness in the vile

saloon whisky, and the Hungarian hies him to his muddled stale beer.

When the Hungarians were originally brought to the mines as "cheap labor" to tide over a strike, the Irishmen were very hostile towards them, regarding them as no better than Chinese.

The Hungarians, however, showed a progressive spirit, fraternized and intermarried with the Irish families, and are now among the foremost to go on the strike, or to resent the importation of cheap labor.

The latter is at present represented by the Poles, who are indeed an abject lot. They live in clubs of fifty to sixty each, hiring a board shanty of one large room, where they all sleep together in bunks. Their marketing and cooking are done in the same apartment by a hired woman, and the expenses of the establishment are met by a proportionate assessment on each pay-day. The Italian laborers, who are mostly employed on the railroads, usually sleep on the construction-trains, or in little huts of their own building. Each does his cooking at his own campfire, making a very picturesque ensemble at dusk.

A view of the huge, gaunt breaker of the Kohinoor Colliery, at Shenandoah, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, shows what kind of a place the men work in above ground. The view in the mine shows a fall of coal, an accident only too common, and which annually costs many lives. The blast-furnaces, becoming careless, return to work too soon after an explosion, and neglect the necessary precaution in approaching while the place is full of smoke, making it impossible to see loose masses of rock and coal. Others pry down loose coal recklessly, are caught beneath the mass as it falls, and—the next morning we see in the newspaper the familiar headline announcing: "Another Fatal Accident in the —— Collieries."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN
ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

JUBILEE OFFERINGS TO THE POPE.

THE rich gifts which the Diocese of Paris is to send to Pope Leo XIII, on the occasion of his approaching Jubilee, have recently been exhibited at the archiepiscopal palace. They include some exquisite specimens of the art of French goldsmiths and jewelers. Among the most notable of these are the superb jeweled tiara, representing, with its accompanying casket, a value of at least 110,000 francs; a chalice of silver and onyx, from the Archibishop of Rouen; and a hand-bell, richly chased, of silver and gold.

M. GRÉVY'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

The newly built hotel of M. Jules Grévy, whether he has sought refuge from the political storm which drove him from the Elysée, occupies a conspicuous site on the Avenue d'Élysée, in the Trocadéro quarter of Paris. It is a stately structure, designed by the late M. Brune, Professor of Architecture in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. With the ground it occupies, it cost M. Grévy nearly a million dollars. A fortnight ago, while President Grévy was vacillating about sending in his resignation of December 2d, he was reported as saying very strange and inconsequential things to visitors, such as that he could not leave the Elysée until his new house had the dining-room furnished, because it was impossible that he should eat with his plate on his-knees. These reports gave an unequalled impression that the strain of the crisis might have turned the old statesman's head.

ITALIAN TROOPS FOR AFRICA.

The scene at Naples, last month, on the day of the departure of the four transport vessels, *Archimede*, *Gottardo*, *Polcevera* and *Sumatra*, with reinforcements for Massawa, is graphically depicted. Italy has now, with her native allies, a force of thirty thousand men, under the command of General San Mazano, at her colony on the Red Sea. The Italians propose to extend their dominions on the mainland towards the Soudan, and to have their revenge upon King John of Abyssinia, and his warlike leader, Ras Alula, for the slaughter of the Italian column at Saati, last January. The Abyssinians are prepared to resist the advance of the Europeans, and a fierce war is imminent.

IN THE GOLDEN PAGODA, MANDALAY.

King Theebaw's sacred Golden Pagoda at Mandalay is now occupied by the officers of the Second Royal Munster Fusiliers. The mess-house is in a smaller building close by, and the men are quartered in wooden *kyungs*, situated at regular intervals around the pagoda. Similar buildings, conveniently near, have been converted into recreation rooms, chapels, a canteen, etc. The Golden Pagoda is a magnificent specimen of Burmese architecture, but its splendor does not in the least embarrass the young Englishman who sits at his ease in one of the sumptuous apartments, reading his London newspaper.

THE NEW SOBRANJE.

The meeting, at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, of the newly elected Sobranje, or National Assembly, in which the Ministers of Prince Ferdinand, continuing the policy of the late Provisional Regency, have great majority of supporters, is the subject of our illustration, from a sketch by the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. It shows Prince Ferdinand reading his Speech from the Throne.

A NESTORIAN CHRISTIAN RELIC IN CHINA.

Outside the west gate of the City of Si-nan, Shen-si, Northwestern China, stands the unique and interesting memorial represented in our engraving. The tablet was erected A. D. 780-781, and is the only relic yet discovered of the Nestorian Christian Church in the Empire. A translation of the long Chinese inscription is given in Williams' "Middle Kingdom." Under the carving, and above the upper character of the central of the three rows of larger characters, is cut a cross, surrounded by flourishes. The stone is well preserved, and is supported on the back of a half-buried tortoise, whose head appears in the picture. The dimensions of the tablet are: Height of face to bottom of carving at side (not including the large characters), 75 inches; height of carving from top of main slab, 28 inches; breadth, 37 inches; thickness, 11½ inches.

THE FARE ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

THE weekly issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has an interesting article on the bills-of-fare on a big ocean steamer. We quote as follows: "Now, take

the substantial breakfast, which makes its appearance at 8 A. M. for the ladies and gentlemen who compose the first table:

FISH.
Fresh Boiled Mackerel, Beure Noir,
Kippered Herrings, Fish Cakes.

HOT DISHES.

Rump Steak, with Mushrooms,
Broiled Beefsteak, Plain, Broiled Mutton Chops,
Broiled Sausages, Curried Eggs, Broiled Ham,
Broiled Bacon, Poached Eggs on Anchovy Toast,
Scrambled, Fried and Boiled Eggs.

Chipped and Boiled Potatoes, Cereals and Cakes.
Boiled Hominy, Irish Stew,
Oatmeal Porridge, Soda Scones.

COLD DISHES.

Roast Beef, Corned Beef, Fowls, Ham,
Ox Tongue, Apples, Oranges,
Tea, Chocolate.

"There is a banquet for you at 8 A. M.! Suppose you have been kept waiting for your bath, or have slumbered on like Dr. Watt's sciggard, and don't take your seat till 8:30. What a struggle follows! Then there are snacks in between, and luncheon at 12:30 for the first lot, with soups, hot dishes, sweets and fruits. Sleep, smoke and more snacks up to 5 o'clock, when the gong goes. Then dinner:

SOUPS.

Consommé à la Xavier,
A la Puree de Volaille.

FISH.

Turbot à la Sauce Anchovy.
ENTREES.

Fricassee of Spring Chicken à la Financière,
Carnonnades de Mutton à la Bretonne,
Macaroni à la Crème.

JOINTS, ROASTS.

Ribs and Sirloins, Prime Beef,
Horseradish Sauce,
Quarters of Spring Lamb,
Mint Sauce,
Turkey à la Sauce Chipolata,
Sucking Pig à la Sauce Tomates.

JOINTS, BOILED.

Leg of Mutton à l'Anglaise,
Corned Beef with Vegetables,
Ducks à la Lyonnaise.
Cold: Ham, Ox Tongue, Corned Beef.

VEGETABLES.

Cauliflower (white sauce), Mashed Turnips,
Puree of Potatoes, Baked Potatoes,
Boiled Potatoes, Boiled Rice.

ENTREMETS.

Damson Tarts, Loch Katrine Cakes,
Strawberry Jam Puffs, Victoria Pudding,
Sago Pudding, Ice Cream.

DESSERT.

Pears, Oranges, American Watermelons,
Filberts, Peanuts.

CHEESE.

Gorgonzola, Stilton, Cheshire, Wiltshire,
Tea, Coffee, Chocolate.

"Dealt with in half an hour, and yet, three hours later, you go down to the saloon and find a couple of hundred mortals calling for sardines on toast, poached eggs, deviled anchovies! For five nights we used to watch with horror one old lady of about eighty (this is gospel truth) call for Welsh rarebit and consume them to the last crumb!"

"When we proposed our inquisition to the chief steward about the manna he showered down upon us with such bounteous munificence, he said: 'We carry no live stock on a Cunarder, not even a milch cow, because they are quite unnecessary with the freezing-apparatus at our disposal.' The biggest number of saloon passengers carried this year was about 600, and the figures which I give you will enable you to form some idea of the enormous stock of provisions we have to carry. I may as well say here that all the meat, fish, game, vegetables and butter are for the single trip of seven days, while the dry goods, such as flour, sugar, coffee, etc., are for the round trip of three weeks to America and back. Here is a list of what we call perishable food: Ninety sheep (in carcass), 1,000 pounds lamb, 4,500 pounds mutton, 1,200 pounds beef, 1,500 pounds ham, 1,000 pounds bacon, 800 pounds corned beef, 560 fowls, 260 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 56 turkeys (average 18 pounds), 200 brace of grouse, 1 ton of fish, 12 tons of potatoes, 12 tons of ice, 12,000 eggs (daily consumption 1,500), and 2,000 pounds of butter. And now here is the quantity. Stores of food for the round voyage, out and home: Seventy barrels (average 200 pounds) American flour, 56 barrels (daily consumption 4 barrels) apples, 20,000 oranges, 20,000 lemons, 1,100 pounds cheese, 1,200 pounds coffee, 500 pounds tea, 3,000 pounds moist sugar, 2,000 pounds refined sugar, 800 pounds loaf sugar, 100 jars (eight-pound) jam, 1,400 quarts condensed milk (unsweetened) buried in ice. And this is saying nothing of the liquors!"

A PECULIAR "CRISIS" IN SWEDEN.

A LONDON correspondent of the Providence Journal writes: "The absurd crisis in the Swedish Diet is attracting the attention of all Europe. The matter is not yet settled, having been taken from the Lower Court to the Supreme Court, which is still deliberating over the affair. The condition of the Diet at present is probably without a parallel in Parliamentary history. The existence of the Cabinet, the Free Trade policy of the Government and the whole course of liberal legislation are put in peril because a few years ago a man in Stockholm neglected to pay his taxes. This man, at the last election, which is called 'Scrutin de Liste,' was elected, with twenty-one others, as a member of the Lower House in the Swedish Parliament. By one of the peculiar laws of this country, if one member on this list of twenty-two candidates is ineligible for election the whole twenty-two, who are voted for together, as a group, are declared disqualified. The non-payment of taxes renders a man ineligible for office in Sweden, consequently this one man's fault disqualifies all his companions, who were elected by a large majority. Opposed to the Free Traders are twenty-two Protectionists, and as the law provides that the candidates who received the next largest vote shall be seated in the event of disqualification, the Free Trade party of Stockholm will be represented by twenty-two Protectionists. That is, if the latter's title is clear; but to further complicate matters, it is thought that the discovery has been made that one of the Protectionists is in the same boat as his opponent the Free Trader, and his inability will set aside the election of his *confidante*. The next in order are the Socialists, who also had a ticket in the field, and it is barely possible that the curious law of Sweden will seat twenty-two Socialists in the Diet."

"Other nations are looking on with interest to see what will be done. It is not unlikely that the Supreme Court will rule against the absurd law that visits the sins of one man on a whole political ticket, and in the event of the Socialists holding a

fair title under the present law to the disputed seats, it is quite probable that a reversal of the law will take place."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

AN excursion party of Scandinavians, numbering 850, from points in the Northwest, started last week, for the Fatherland, for a Christmas visit.

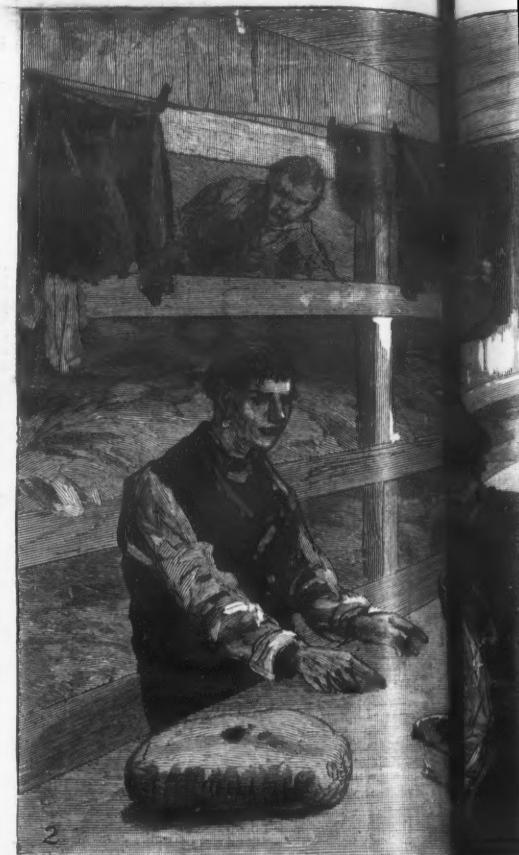
DIPHTHERIA of a peculiarly fatal character is alarmingly prevalent in Montreal. Week before last thirty-two persons died of the disease, and the death-rate shows no signs of decreasing.

THE Dead-letter Office received during the last fiscal year 5,578,965 pieces of mail matter, or more than 18,000 per day, or an average of 46 a minute. Of this number, 19,110 were without any address.

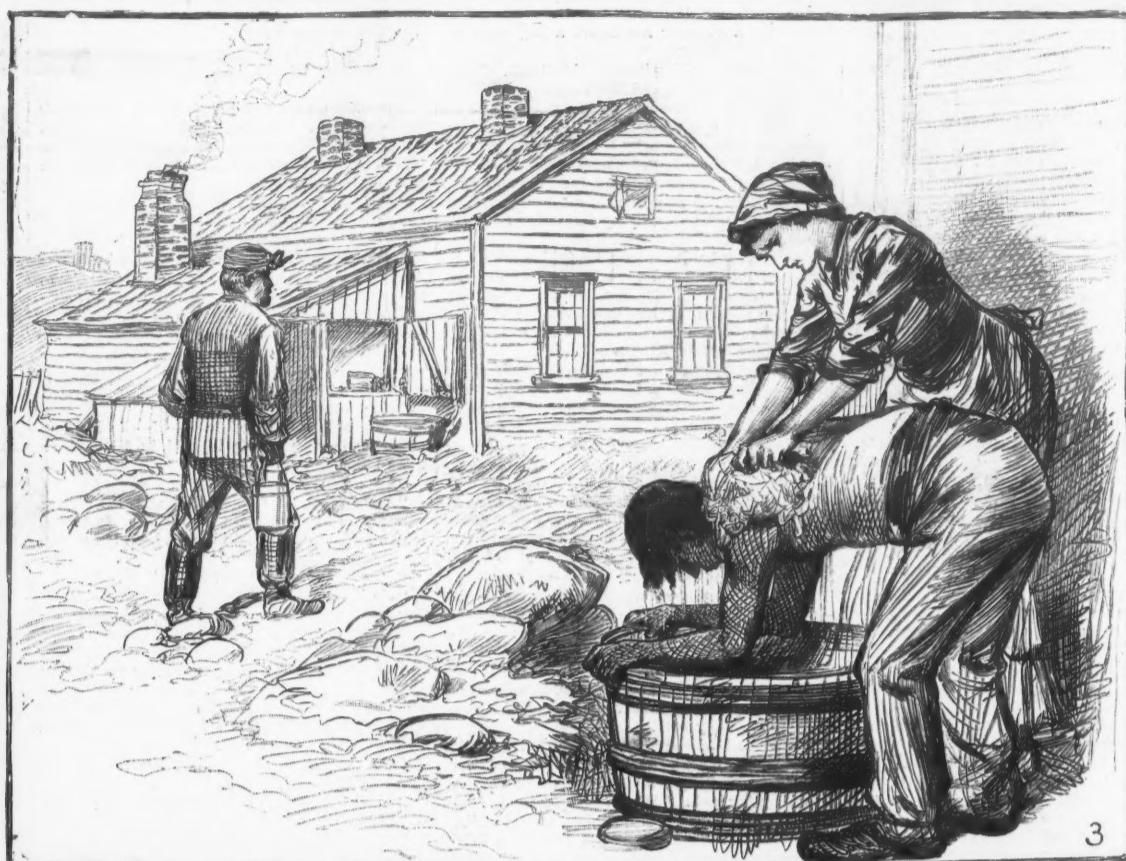
THERE was a slight increase in the debt less cash in the Treasury during the month of November, \$1,490,350.99. The pension payments were unusually heavy, reaching \$18,287,862, which is nearly twice the average since July 1st, and still more in excess of the average of last year.

ALL Europe was absorbed, last week, in the situation of affairs in France. President Grévy's resignation came tardily, on Friday last, precipitating a crisis which threatened to develop into a revolutionary outbreak in Paris. The two Houses of the French Legislature met in joint session at Versailles, on Saturday, and elected M. Sadi-Carnot to succeed M. Grévy as President of the Republic.

THE report of the Life-saving Service shows that the number of disasters to documented vessels reported during the year past was 332. On board these vessels were 6,327 persons, of whom 6,272 were saved and 55 lost. The value of vessels and cargoes involved in the disasters was \$7,075,700, of which \$5,788,820 was saved and \$1,286,880 was lost. The total number of vessels totally lost was



1. ARRIVAL OF POLANDERS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF STRIKERS. 2. INTERIOR OF A POLISH BOARDING-HOUSE NEAR SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA.—THE EXISTING TROUBLES IN THE STATE ARE GREATLY AGGRAVATED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THOUSANDS OF POLISH STRIKEES FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK LESLIE.



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4. THE KOHINOOR COLLIERY. 5. SLAVES OF THE MINE—CHILDREN PICKING SLATE. 6. A MINE HEADING—FALL OF COAL.
IN THE
REGION—PHASES OF LIFE AMONG THE MINERS.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow
from Varraz," "The Man
Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—A FACE FROM THEIR PAST.

A S Leonard Stannard and the landlord started to go up to the room occupied by the sick man, Dangerford, in order that the former might tell his strange, strange story of the accident on the cliff by the sea, the other door of the hotel, at the foot of the long flight of stairs, was suddenly opened, and a man hurriedly entered.

Though clothed in over-garments intended to be waterproof, it was evident that he was drenched to the skin. It could not be doubted that he had ridden many long miles through the tempestuous night. But one could not believe, looking at him carelessly, that he had any sense of physical discomfort—whatever might be true of his mental state. He seemed to have forgotten that darkness had lain along his road to Bobunquedunk; however much he might be looking to see more and more of darkness there, in the little town by the sea. He seemed to have forgotten that he was wet, that he was weary, that such weather as this was almost new even to his experience; there seemed to be left in him only an overwhelming sense of thankfulness that he had reached Bobunquedunk at last—a reckless and defiant thankfulness, if you please—and a resolve that should have made any one so unfortunate as to be his foe either sorry or wary and watchful.

His face was very pale, very pale indeed, and that in spite of the bronze, which left the one to whom curiosity regarding his nationality might come in doubt whether he should say Italian, Spanish—or Indian.

His eyes were black and restless. He seemed to see everything at once, and almost without a conscious effort. Repressed power in his firm lips, in his sturdy jaws, in his muscular limbs. A man who has passed beyond prudence, no doubt, and beyond caring much for what may or may not happen to others so unfortunate as to come within the circle of his baleful influence—so long as he may only have his own will and way. A man, to judge by his face, his eyes, his very attitude, who scorns waiting for the law's delay when he is right, or pausing to think of its power when he is wrong. A man, most certainly and surely, unless all outward appearances belie the soul within, who could take Leonard Stannard by the hand, in full sympathy with his inmost thought and feeling—as long as that thought and feeling keeps him from cowardice and regret.

But he does not speak to Stannard. He does not notice him. He scarcely seems to see him. He lays his hand harshly on the landlord's arm. He speaks hoarsely, his voice vibrating with emotions he cannot repress, and which he seems half ashamed to try to keep down.

"I want to see Ethel Atherton," was what he said.

"She has retired, I think," said the landlord. "Will to-morrow do as well?"

"No. To-morrow will not do at all. I will see her now."

"Your name is—"

The man handed the landlord a card, his face full of impatience, and an angry gesture in almost every movement he made.

"Tell the woman to hurry," he said, roughly and coarsely.

"Excuse me a minute," said the landlord, turning to Mr. Stannard. The latter bowed. The landlord left the two men standing there together, while he carried up the stranger's card himself, instead of calling a servant to do it for him.

It took two knocks at Miss Atherton's door to arouse her. It was some time after she could be heard moving about in her room before she came to the door, opened it, and stepped out into the hall, close to the landing at the top of the stairs.

She had never looked better, never appeared to better advantage—in a purely physical sense, I mean—than she did as she came out to meet the landlord and take the card of the impatient stranger who was waiting for her below. Clad in a dainty wrapper of spotless white, a knot of bright ribbon at her throat and at each wrist, her long hair falling carelessly over her shapely shoulders, she looked like some picture of an old-time saint, and the quite prosaic and unsentimental landlord saw the likeness, and muttered something about it to himself, under his breath, as he handed her the card he had brought.

The lady nervously twisted the card in her restless fingers. A sudden pallor came into her face. A pathetic look—almost a hunted one—shone in her eyes. A close observer, an observer with keener eyes than those of this man whose employment it was to furnish a home to the tourist world, so far as that world knew and appreciated Bobunquedunk, would have seen something of suffering on the lips and of sorrow in the eyes of this woman when she came from her room—this woman who had so lately found the grave of a murdered man lying darkly between her and her happiness. But even he, slow to see and stupid in all cases where passion and emotion swayed a soul, saw how Ethel Atherton suffered. With the burden upon her soul which had so lately been placed there, it must be that she had been taken off her guard, or that there is some new danger for her in this stranger's presence—some strange and terrible and overpowering danger—since she shows so much to the most careless of eyes.

"Tell Mr. Manniston I will see him in the afternoon," says Ethel Atherton, slowly.

The waiting man below hears her, and looks up. He has been standing within a yard of Leonard Stannard, but has neither looked at nor spoken to him since he sent his card up-stairs; indeed, he

has scarcely seemed to move or breathe. Now, he glances at the man standing so near him, and Stannard can see a hot flush slowly burn its way across his face. It may be that he is angered to think that a stranger has heard a lady deny his request.

He hisses something between his teeth. Stannard does not understand the language in which it is spoken, and does not catch a word. But he can have no doubt regarding the meaning of what has been spoken by this man Manniston. Nothing but a curse was ever spoken in such a tone, and with such a look on the face above it.

"Tell Ethel Atherton I will see her now," he growls, and stalks sturdily up the stairs to where she stands.

The landlord waits where he is, beckoning to Stannard to come, and the latter follows Manniston up the stairs. Then, while the newcomer faces the woman he has demanded to see, the other two open the door which is to admit them to the presence of Ratcliffe Dangerford.

Mr. Manniston had not hesitated to demand an interview with Miss Ethel Atherton. He had not hesitated to do so roughly and discourteously and with great persistence. But he did not hurry much as he walked up the stairs to meet her; there was much to think of, after all—much to think of there and then, for the first time, despite all the time he had had for thought. He did not hurry—but neither did he hesitate; he had never acquired the habit of hesitation, and he had lived too many years to find it easy to do that to which he was unhabituated; he had come here to see Ethel Atherton—he had come almost across a continent—and he was going to see her. After that—he was too selfish and reckless a man—too much of a practical egotist—to make it safe to say what he would or would not do. At least, I think that is true. And I am not going to say what the probabilities of that stormy morning, on the hotel-stairs or landing, really were.

When the landlord showed Stannard into the sick-room of Dangerford, he was curiously blind as to the possibilities he left outside behind him. He had never had a half-mad and passion-blinded man kill a woman in his hotel; an event of that sort would have been something quite new to his experience. He had no thought of there being such a danger. I do not know that there was.

Mr. Manniston kept his eyes on the face of the woman above him as he went up the stairs. He saw in her face what we have seen, what was evident even to the eyes of the Bobunquedunk landlord, and he caught his breath with a sharp pang at his heart as he muttered, gloomily: "A saint! a very saint!"

And he—he looked like a devil, like a devil aspiring to her—like a devil mad to drag her down to himself and his own level.

He watched her face narrowly. Evidently he did not find in it quite what he had expected to find. There was no deadly anger shining in her eyes. There was no terrible thirst for vengeance, half formed for utterance in words, sitting in merciless dignity upon her lips. Her face neither paled more, nor flushed. She did not turn to leave him, nor yet did she advance to strike or harm. He seemed puzzled. Doubtless he felt that he ought to be.

He reached the upper stair. He stood beside her. He held out his hand. She did not take it. She looked him squarely and firmly in the eyes, but she did not touch his hand. And still, there was none of the fierce fury in her glance which he had expected to find there; still he had nothing worse to face than a patient antipathy—though perhaps that was enough, and in itself sufficiently maddening.

"I wish to speak with you," he said. His tones were a trifle more gentle than they had been before, but they shook in spite of himself. He was white to the lips, and he seemed to find it hard to speak.

"Very well; speak on," she replied.

"Is—is there a parlor—a—a private room?"

"This place will do. Speak to me here, if you must inflict your presence upon me at all," she said, curtly.

He bit his lips, and moistened them nervously.

"You do not seem glad to see me?" he said.

"No, Basal Manniston, I am not glad to see you."

"And yet—I came—half way—"

"Never mind. If you have business here, do it.

If you have anything to say, say it. But do not torture me by needless words."

"I will not. I—I heard that he is here. Is it true?"

"It is true. He is here."

"And—and you have seen him?"

"I have seen him."

"And—and talked with him?"

"Yes."

"And have found friendship for him again?"

"Yes."

"Oh! And possibly there has been love spoken between you again?"

"There has been."

"Then he has told you—you—something?"

"He has told me all."

"All! all! Oh, my God—all—"

And then he paused, half insane with wonder, for still there was only a stolid and dispassionate dislike for him in the face of this woman.

"He—he has explained?"

"Oh, yes, he has explained."

"And to your satisfaction?"

"Oh-h-h, ye-e-e-e-s!"

"And what—what does he say of—of—"

"Of what? Of whom?"

"Of me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. He has not mentioned your name."

A sudden hope, and a quick and desperate resolve, shone for an instant in the man's face—

and was gone!

"He—he told you why he left you? And how?"

"He told me how, or at least how he came to find rescue at the hands of pity and friendship."

"How—how was it?"

"Crushed and bleeding and senseless, on the rear platform of the rear car of the night express."

The sudden hope which had shone in the man's face was gone. A leaden despair took its place. Another resolve, none the less desperate than the one which had faded and gone, took possession of his countenance.

"And—and—why? Did he tell you why?"

"No. He does not know why."

"I do not understand you."

"Why should you? Is it any of your business? And yet—I will tell you. You knew, and I knew, that the name he bore was not really his own?"

The man scowled.

"I knew there was some strange mystery connected with him; that was all I knew," he replied.

"You did not know his true name?"

"No; I think no one did."

"Very well. On the night of—of—of his disappearance, he was greatly injured, in fact was almost killed."

"Yes; well?"

"And, when he recovered, he had lost the memory of twenty years of his life, and was, once more, the individual he had been in his boyhood days."

"He—had—lost—his—memory?"

"He had."

"And can tell you nothing—nothing new—nothing you have not known, nor guessed?"

"Nothing."

The hope came sweeping across the man's face again. The change was marvelous. It was almost as though the hope of heaven had suddenly been given to one behind whom the gates of hell had been shut for a time.

Then suspicion took its place beside the hope, and almost blotted it out.

"And yet—you say he loves you again?"

"He said he did."

"How did that come about?"

She smiled at him, a mocking and sarcastic smile.

"Is it so very strange and wonderful that he should? Is it strange that any man should love me, Basal Manniston?" she demanded.

He groaned, and turned away his head. He could not face her, for a little, and could scarcely find breath and words for his answer.

"It is strange that there are any who do not," was the passion-filled reply he gave her.

She made him no answer to that, and after a minute or two he spoke again.

"So you will marry this man—this insane man—unless—unless—"

"I shall not marry him," she replied, wearily.

"But—you—said—"

"No matter what I said. Everything is over between us."

"And why?"

"Because—he—killed—my—father!"

"He killed your father? How do you know?"

"No matter how I know. It is enough that I do."

"But you—I—we—all—every one suspected that the deed was done by—"

"Don't! Don't speak his name. We did him an injustice. The man that struck down that innocent and useful life was the man who stood with me—the murdered man's daughter—before

the marriage altar. Is it any wonder that he lacked the courage to carry forward the horrible mockery to completion? Is it any wonder that he went his secret and silent way from my side? Is it not likely that only a mind in which memory has been wrecked and ruined could ever have turned him towards me again?"

She turned towards the man by her side, and behold, he was down on his knees at her very feet. The ruthless determination to crush and humble her, and perhaps to do worse—the fierce purpose which would have paused at no evil which might have held her and the man who loved her apart from each other for ever—these were gone. He looked up at Ethel Atherton, looked at her as a man looks at a woman only when he finds both desire and hope in his heart.

"I—I cannot say much now," he said, brokenly; "and I will not try. I—I am going back home, alone, friendless. But—may I not come to see you again, next year—or the year after—or the year after that? I—"

The door of Dangerford's room opened. Stannard and the landlord came out.

Manniston rose to his feet. Ethel turned to go to her room, but reached out her hand and touched the fingers of the man beside her ere she went.

"I—I shall know where to send for you if you may ever come," she said.

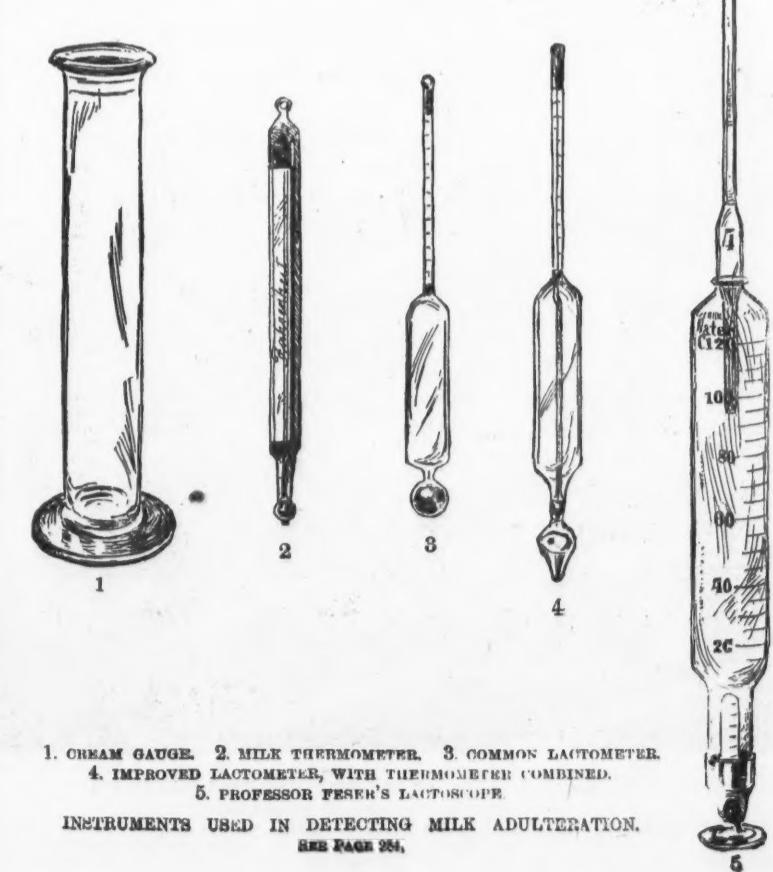
"Yes, you will know." Then to himself: "Little she knows how I will hunt her and haunt her. Does she think Baal Manniston's brain can be cool or his heart tame?"

And Ratcliffe Dangerford, strangely excited by the interview through which he has just passed in his room, falls wearily back upon his pillow after a momentary glimpse into the hall outside. "The floods are coming," he mutters to himself; "the floods are coming down upon us all. I—I have found the man with a motive, at last, and Ethel Atherton is the woman in the case! Fool that I have been, never to have guessed it! As though there were ever any difficulty in the world without there being a woman in it, somewhere or other! As though one ever needed to look far for the clear solution of any problem which Fate may propose! I shall not forget where Baal Manniston fell on his knees, and it shall go hard with me if I do not fail—not unless I die!"

(To be continued.)

PRESENTS FOR THE POPE.

A BALTIMORE letter to the New York *Times* says: "Cardinal Gibbons has just sent to Pope Leo XIII, at Rome, a letter from the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States congratulating the Holy Father upon the attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The letter is, of course, in the Latin language, and separate printed copies bear the signatures of his Eminence the Cardinal, of all the Archbishops, and of all the Bishops, in the country. Its tenor is entirely congratulatory, and joins with the rest of the Catholic world in giving thanks to God for the prolongation of the life of the present Pontiff, and for the signal favors which have been bestowed upon the head of the Church in the person of Leo. The letter was engrossed in a beautiful and artistic manner by three of the Christian Brothers at St. Joseph's Academy in Baltimore, under the supervision of Brother Director Paphilinus. The title, 'Beatisime Pater,' is in Gothic, with ornamentation. In the centre, at the top of the sheet, is a magnificent representation of the tiara. To the left of the title is a pontifical crosier, and to the right is the Pope's triple cross, all of which, including the title itself, are raised from the surface and tinted so as to resemble gold stone. The



INSTRUMENTS USED IN DETECTING MILK ADULTERATION.

SEE PAGE 284.

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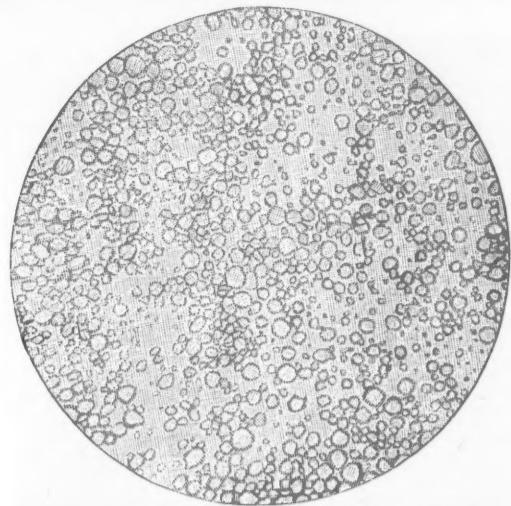
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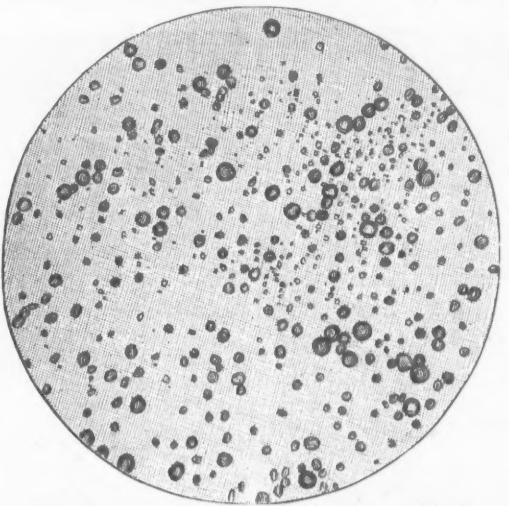
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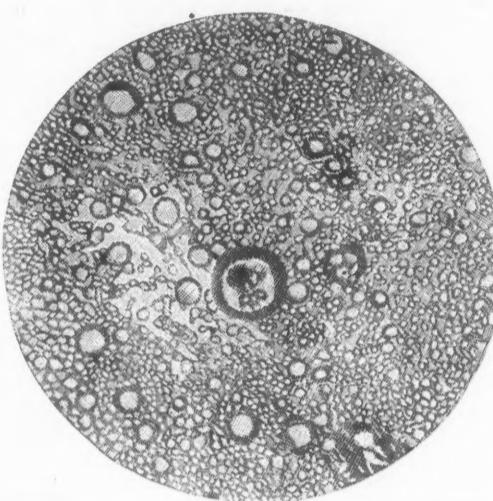
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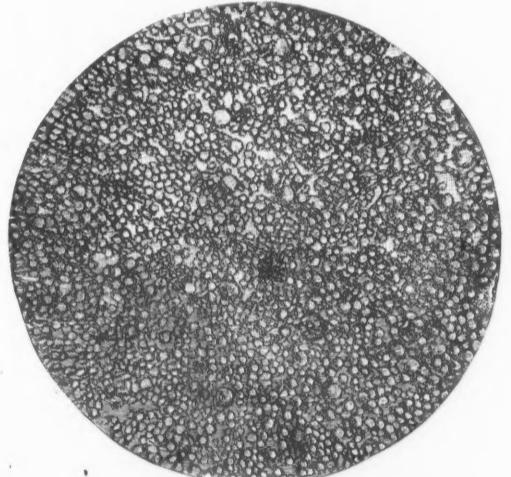
NORMAL COW'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.



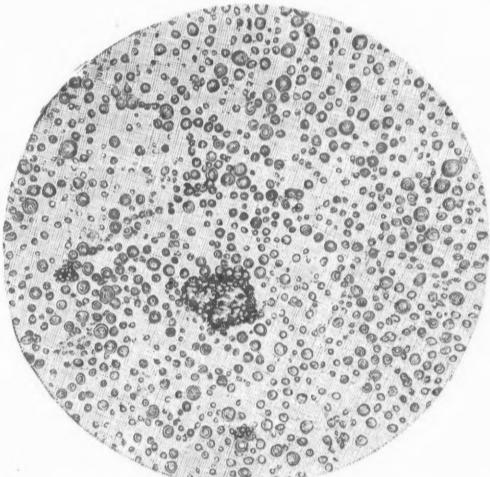
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COLOSTRUM IN COW'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.



HEALTHY WOMAN'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.



UNHEALTHY WOMAN'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.

THE ADULTERATION OF MILK, AND ITS RESULTS.

SEE PAGE 284.

the end of the list. So also at the end of each volume will be given the total number of students and instructors in the district to which the volume is devoted. The bookcase is now being manufactured in Paris at the Christian Brothers' School of St. Nicholas by the students themselves. It will be of rare workmanship, and of the choicest woods that it is possible to obtain.

"The students of these schools are also getting up a fund for His Holiness the Pope, which will be presented to him in a large metallic vase. The vase is the handiwork of a student of the Christian Brothers at Rome, his knowledge of the trade of silversmithing and goldbeating having been acquired at their hands. The vase is of gold and silver. It is beautifully chased and milled, and is decorated with a tiara, triple cross, crosier, and two floral wreaths. In it will be placed all the money proceeding from the collection now being made among the Christian Brothers, and it will then be presented to the Pope. There are over 400,000 young men and boys attending these schools."

THE WHITE HOUSE TABLES.

The fare and table customs at the White House are briefly described in the Washington *Critic* as follows: "Breakfast is served at the White House at nine o'clock on week days, and a half-hour later on Sundays. It is a big meal with the President and a hearty foundation for the day. Generally the menu covers half-a-dozen dishes—three or four varieties of meat, usually a game course, potatoes, etc., pretty much as anybody with a good appetite would order in a first-class hotel. The President drinks coffee at these early feasts, but the pretty mistress of the mansion likes tea with her toast, chops, soft-boiled eggs and other appetizing dishes. Very rarely Mrs. Cleveland takes any other beverage than the tea and milk. The Pres-

ident likes a glass of milk also in the morning, and between chatting over their second cups of tea and coffee they manage to while away say a half-hour at the first meal of the day.

"Luncheon is served promptly at half-past one, and if there be a guest, at two o'clock. It is a mid-day dinner to all intents and purposes, but little time is wasted in its discussion. The menu one day lately—a fair sample of the average—was a pair of pheasants, sweet-breads, Saratoga chips, cold ham, chocolate cake and cream and milk and tea.

"Dinner is usually served in about six courses, with all the accompaniments of flowers and lighted candles, and the President, while by no means a heavy eater, does entire justice to every dish he happens to like, from the soup to the walnuts. Mrs. Cleveland has a good appetite, and has few likes or dislikes, enjoying a bit of nearly everything which comes to the table. They both like the dinner served promptly, and are rarely over a half-hour at table. The President drinks wine at dinner, but very sparingly. Mrs. Cleveland does not touch a drop stronger than Apollinaris at table. Both of them are easy to please, and neither ever knows beforehand what is to be served. The steward buys what he pleases, and all the President cares is to see the food put on the table in generous quantities. Frequently two-thirds of the dishes will leave the table untouched, but he wants to have the usual number kept up right straight along.

"Mrs. Cleveland has some old-fashioned notions about Sunday, and wants the servants' work for that day lessened as much as possible. She always has a cold lunch, and has it served up in the quickest, simplest way, so that the servants can have a long afternoon and evening to themselves. Usually they dine on Sunday at Oak View. All summer the cooks employed have been two colored women, the head cook, of course, an expert. The French chef has now come back for the winter season."

the water so far out beyond the sides of the cavity that at least half an hour is required for it to find its way back. This gives the workmen time to introduce quickly setting concrete. The process is very rapid.

EXPERIMENTS are being made on Prussian railways with axle-boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The parchment is strongly compressed before being used, and it is thoroughly dried, to prevent subsequent shrinkage. Wooden rings are placed on the outside of the bearings, fitting the collars of the journal. An emulsion of water and oil and all the mineral oils are used as lubricants. The parchment soon becomes impregnated with oil, and is able to go a long time without a renewal of lubrication. It is between the body of the journal and the thin edge of the parchment segments that friction takes place. The claim is made that these compressed paper bearings make a tough material that is superior to metal. Such bearings are also in use in a German saw-mill, with satisfactory operation.

The London scientific world is startled by what seems nothing less than a new theory of the constitution of the universe. This comes before the public with all the sanction derived from a paper read before the Royal Society, and with all the authority attached to the name of the distinguished astronomer, Mr. Norman Lockyer. The new theory, he declares, is the result, not of speculation, but of spectroscopic research. It is summed up in the statement that all the self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites or masses of meteoric vapor, produced by heat brought about by the condensation of meteoric vapor due to gravity. The hypothesis, if accepted, may, as one enigmatist remarks, weld all previous knowledge into one harmonious whole. At present it is received by men of science under all reserves.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Standard Oil Company, it is said, proposes to construct a big crude oil pipe line from Chicago to New York.

ALL the editors of St. Petersburg have been summoned by the Press Censor and instructed to adopt a moderate tone regarding Germany.

Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS has asked the abandonment of a proposed money testimonial to her husband which was meeting with great success in the Southern States.

NINETY-FIVE cigar factories shut down in Havana last week, owing to the demands of cigarmakers for an increase in wages, and 12,000 men were idle in consequence.

It is said that Mr. Blaine will visit Japan, returning home by way of San Francisco next June. The statement probably has no better foundation than most of the stories which the newspapers set afloat concerning the man from Maine.

BARON HIRSCH's offer of \$10,000,000 for the purpose of founding primary schools and other institutions for the benefit of the Jews in Russia, has been accepted by the Czar. The money has been deposited in the Bank of England.

AN American author, who evidently enjoys a large practice, was out and about on Thanksgiving Day, with a newly completed novel concealed about his person. He is now advertising a reward of \$1,000 for the recovery of the lost manuscript.

A FRENCH syndicate is said to have effected a "corner" in tin. The syndicate represents a capital of \$40,000,000, and now controls all the visible supply of tin in the world. Sellers are demanding \$800 a ton on the New York Metal Exchange.

THE Liberal Unionists have carried the campaign into Ireland. A great meeting was held in Dublin, last week, at which Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen made addresses. They also attended a brilliant banquet given by prominent citizens, at which much enthusiasm was manifested.

THE conviction of Jacob Sharp having been reversed by the New York Court of Errors and Appeals, he was last week released on \$40,000 bail. District Attorney Fellows says that he will have a new trial at the January term, but few persons believe that such will be the fact.

EDWARD HANLAN, the Canadian oarsman, has lost his world-championship in Australia, having been beaten in a close contest by William Beach, on November 26th. The race was over a straight three-and-a-quarter-mile course, on the Nepean River, situated thirty-four miles from Sydney.

A NUMBER of National League meetings in Ireland have recently been broken up by the police. At Limerick, on the 27th ult., a riot resulted from the interference of the police, and many persons were injured in the encounters. It is obvious that the Government does not propose to abate in the least the severity of its policy of suppression.

SECRETARY LAMAR's annual report reviews the legislation granting lands to railroads and others, and his own efforts to have many grants annulled. He reports that the latter work, so far as it has progressed, has resulted in restoring to the public domain 21,323,600 acres. He also urges appropriations for surveys, that further complications on land grants may be avoided.

STEPS are being taken in the Canadian Dominion to keep the commercial union movement from being killed by the Dominion and British members of the Fisheries Commission at Washington. A delegation of trusted Liberal leaders of Canada is to be sent thither to place those favoring commercial union fairly before the Commission, so that the sentiments of the whole people of Canada may be made known.

At a recent meeting of nearly a hundred well-known artists, held in the library of the National Academy of Design, it was decided to accept the invitation that has been extended to American artists to exhibit specimens of their work at the coming International Exhibition at Munich. This acceptance, however, is to be conditional upon the raising of the money requisite to pay the necessary expenses of such representation, which will be about \$5,000.

THE New York Cancer Hospital for Women, just opened, is the only institution of the kind in the country. The building stands near the northern end of Central Park, within sight of General Grant's tomb. It has been erected by means of subscriptions from wealthy people, the principal gifts being \$200,000 from John Jacob Astor, and property in California, valued at \$150,000, from Elizabeth Hamilton Cullum, the granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton.

The official returns of the recent Virginia election show that the Democratic vote in the State was 119,806 and Republican 119,380, a Democratic majority of 426. In the five counties in which the Democrats had no candidates for the House the vote for Governor Lee in 1885 was 3,352, and in the two counties in which the Republicans had no House candidates Wise in the same year received 618 votes, making the estimated Democratic majority in the State 3,160.

The "wet" season has set in at Atlanta, Ga., after two years of drought. The election of November 26th resulted in a majority of 1,128 for liquor license, after an intensely exciting canvass, in which many women, both black and white, took part. A curious feature of the hostilities was that of Henry W. Grady, managing editor of the *Constitution*, speaking with all his vigor and eloquence for the Prohibitionists, while Captain E. P. Howell, editor-in-chief of the same paper, was equally prominent on the side of the "Antis."

THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts has been enriched by a colossal statue of Rameses II., presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund Society, through its American Vice-president, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, of Boston. This colossus was disclosed by Mr. Griffith at Nebesheh, which is a few miles from the sight of Tanis, the Biblical Zoan, and overlooks the "Fields of Zoan." It is believed to be the only colossus of the renowned Biblical Pharaoh. Its dimensions are: Height (with pedestal), nine feet three inches; greatest width, three feet six inches; frontage, two feet two inches; feet, fourteen and a half inches in length; hands, nine and a half inches; forefinger, six inches; face, from chin to headress on the forehead, ten and a half inches. The weight, exclusive of the pedestal, exceeds three tons.



THE ADULTERATION OF MILK.—AN INSPECTOR TESTING MILK AT A GROCERY ON THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE CITY MILK SUPPLY.

THE milk supply of great cities, bearing as it does a direct relation to the health of the most vulnerable portion of the community—the children—is second in sanitary importance only to the water supply. Dr. Edson and the Health Officers of New York are at present exercising especial vigilance and energy in suppressing the traffic in unwholesome milk, whether made so by adulteration or from infection with noxious matter. The seizure of watered or skimmed milk, as illustrated in one of our pictures, is almost an everyday occurrence in the poor, crowded and "cheap" districts of the city.

The instrument ordinarily used in the detection of adulteration in milk is the lactometer, which does not need to be described here. Among other instruments which have been devised for similar purposes, one of the most interesting is Professor Feser's lactoscope, which furnishes a simple optical test for determining the per cent. of fat present in a given sample of milk. From the quantity of milk employed to render water opaque, this can be readily determined. The instrument consists of a hollow glass cylinder, doubly graduated, one scale giving the amount of water added to make 4 c. c. of milk transparent, the other showing the per cent. of fat present. In testing a sample, 4 c. c. are transferred into the instrument by means of the pipette; water is gradually added, and the mixture thoroughly shaken, until all of the black lines on the cylindrical body of the milk-glass can be read. The level at which the mixture stands on the "percentage of fat" scale shows that percentage present. The instrument affords, too, an easy means of determining the relative richness of different specimens of human milk. A microscopic examination of the milk is of great importance in the selection of a wet nurse. We reproduce a number of photomicrographs, showing specimens of healthy and unhealthy human milk, of milk containing colostrum cells, of skimmed milk, and of cream. The fat globules vary but little in size, in pure milk, from a healthy animal.

It has been noted that normal food produces milk in which the globules are more uniform in size than in that produced by unhealthy food.

THE ERIE RAILWAY STATION AT JERSEY CITY.

WE give on this page an illustration of the new station and train-shed of the Erie Railway at Jersey City, which are just completed, and were

opened to the public on the 4th instant. The picture shows the station as seen from the river. For beauty of design, stability and adaptability to the requirements for which the structure is intended, it is excelled by none in this vicinity. The cost exceeds \$200,000. The station building proper is three stories high, of the English Gothic style of architecture, treated in a free and unconventional manner; it has a frontage of 127 feet on Pavonia Avenue, and a river frontage of 120 feet; the found-

ations are of hard brick laid in Portland cement, coped with North River stone 4 inches thick; this rests upon numerous spruce piles 50' feet in length. The exterior of the building is ornamented with four towers rising to a height of 115 feet; the interior is finished in hard woods in their natural colors; light is afforded by spacious windows of cathedral stained-glass. The train-shed is 140 x 600 feet.

The first floor of the station has a general waiting-room 66 x 100 feet, a ticket office, ladies' waiting-room, restaurant, smoking-room, lavatories, etc. The second floor is devoted to offices for use of the General Superintendent, Division Superintendent, Roadmaster, and other officers connected with the transportation department. A gallery encircles three sides of this floor, by which access is had to the offices named. The third floor will be occupied by the car accountant and his staff. The system of ferry checks to other than those using the ferry only has been abolished, and passengers now proceed to the boats directly from the trains. This improvement is but one of the many which this company is introducing for the better convenience of the public.

THE AIROS IN AN ECLIPSE.

THE Aino idea of an eclipse is described by the well-known student of Aino language and manners, Mr. Bachelor, recently, in the *Japan Weekly Mail*. (The Ainos are Mongolians occupying the Kurile and adjacent islands in the North Pacific). Mr. Bachelor specially observed the conduct of the Ainos during the recent eclipse. "The Aino," he says, "is a very matter-of-fact person, and is not usually carried away by the imagination. On being shown the eclipse through a smoked glass, the Aino cried out that the sun was fainting away and dying. A silence then ensued, and from time to time an exclamation of surprise or fear was to be heard; it was evident the fear was that the sun would die away and never revive. They brought water and sprinkled it upward towards the sun (as they would do if a human being were

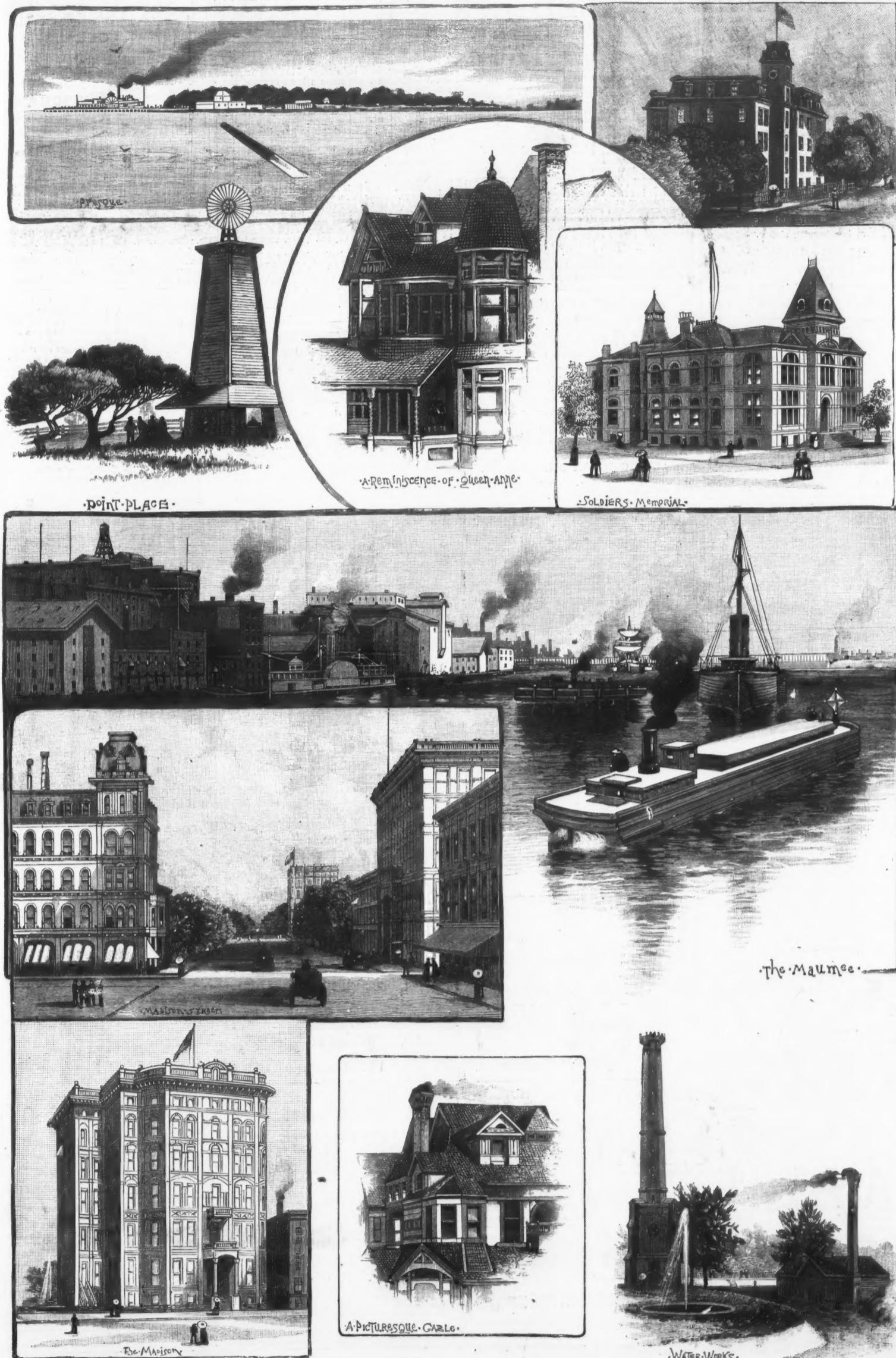


NEW JERSEY.—THE NEW STATION OF THE NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILWAY AT JERSEY CITY.

DECEMBER 10, 1887.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

285



OHIO.—VIEWS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO—ITS STREETS, REPRESENTATIVE BUILDINGS AND PUBLIC WORKS.
FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 278.

expiring), crying at the same time: "O god, we revive thee! O god, we revive thee!" Some squirted the water with their mouths, others threw it with their hands, others, again, used the common besom, or willow branches, the latter being supposed to be specially efficacious. A few, especially women and girls, sat down with their heads hidden between their knees, as if silently expecting some dreadful calamity to suddenly befall them. They have no theories with regard to eclipses, but their traditions run like this: "When my father was a child, he heard his old grandfather say that his grandfather saw a total eclipse of the sun. The earth became quite dark, and shadows could not be seen; the birds went to roost, and the dogs began to howl. The black, dead sun shot out tongues of fire and lightning from its sides, and the stars shone brightly. Then the sun began to return to life, and the faces of the people wore an aspect of death; and, as the sun gradually came to life, men began to live again."

FUN.

In the game of coal, the dealer does all the raising.

"The car-stove is a burning shame."—Chicago News.

YOUNG WIFE.—"I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made, and—" Young Husband—"That accounts for it."

For rheumatism and neuralgia use SALVATION ON, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

It doesn't take gold. A quarter of a dollar will buy a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

RHEUMATISM and Neuralgia, two remorseless demons of human suffering, have puzzled the masters of medical science. They are finally agreed that the first is a blood disease, and that the second is an affection of the nerves. For their cure until recently the faculty prescribed similar remedies. Principal reliance was placed on external applications in both afflictions. Lately several of the most distinguished physicians of Philadelphia have prescribed nitro-glycerine to neuralgic patients.

Now, the dynamite or nitro-glycerine treatment of the old-school faculty has not yet resulted in any cures. Skeptical sufferers from acute neuralgia or rheumatism, in the majority of cases, would prefer to have the dynamite placed directly upon the affected part and exploded promptly. Cures are, after all, the vindication of a new departure in the healing art. The Compound Oxygen treatment solves the question as to the complete eradication of both rheumatism and neuralgia from the system. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., send a Home Treatment which can be used with perfect ease and safety at the patient's residence. The effects of the Compound Oxygen are felt immediately; the system takes a new tone, and life becomes full of enjoyment again. A postal card sent to the above address will secure an interesting pamphlet on the discovery, application and cures made by Compound Oxygen.

THE TYLER DESK Co., of St. Louis, Mo., manufacturers of Office Desks and Interior Fittings for Banks, Court Houses and Government Buildings, have just published a new 100-page illustrated Catalogue of new designs. Architects and business men should send for it; free, Postage 7.

"MADAM," said the tramp, "I'm hungry enough to eat raw dog." "Well," she responded kindly, suiting the action to the word, "I'll whistle some up for you." The tramp left, taking his appetite with him.

COUGHS.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. Sold only in boxes. —[Adv.]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

GOT THEIR MONEY.

It will be remembered that Eugene Speck, Mailard Bird, Henry Lewin and William Duncan together drew the second capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery on ticket 61,503, in the drawing on the 13th ult. An *Argus-Leader* reporter to-day called on Mr. Speck, who is a barber here, to see if he had secured his money and to find out how he was going to use it. Mr. Speck said: "Yes, we got a notification the other day to the effect that the money was at the Sioux Falls National Bank. We went there, and received \$5,000 in cash for the money we put in. That gave us \$1,250 apiece. Yesterday I bought me a house in Western Sioux Falls for \$850. That is something I have always wanted, and now that I have got one I will keep it. I am going to start for my old home in Switzerland next week, taking along my family. Two others of the boys are going over to Scotland, besides putting their money into some excellent Sioux Falls real estate. We are willing to testify that the management of the Louisiana State Lottery is done entirely on the square, and will heartily recommend it to any who want to risk a little for the sake of a big gain."

Mr. Speck has lived here for a number of years, and has many friends who are as pleased as he is at his good fortune. The other three gentlemen are paying cutters, and are not known so well. The boys had first formed a scheme to invest their \$5,000 in a bunch in real estate, but decided at last to divide and invest as each one saw fit.

All of the lucky fellows are working at their usual business, and though well set up at their good luck, are sticking right to their lasts as if nothing had happened.—Sioux Falls (Dak.) *Argus-Leader*, Oct. 6.

BALL!

Articles for the German and Dinner Parties, Carnival Funny Caps, Cotillion Figures, Ball Decorations, Masks, Wigs, Paper Lanterns, Games, Artificial Plants, etc., etc. GELBKE & BENEDICTUS, Dresden, Saxony. Illustrated Price-book, in German and French, gratis.

THE VALUE OF
A Christmas Present
IS MEASURED BY ITS USEFULNESS.
To all who write (and everybody writes), a good
Pen must be useful.

Waterman's
Ideal Fountain Pen
"Is the most perfect instrument of its kind."
—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
Pres't N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R.

ATTRACtIONS AT JAMES McCREEERY & CO.'S.

THE CHRISTMAS EXHIBIT OF A HOUSE THAT KNOWS HOW TO PLEASE THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

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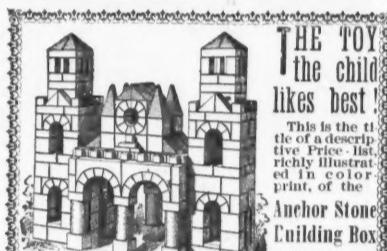
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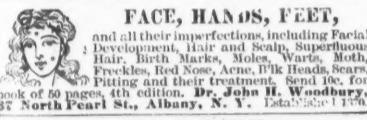
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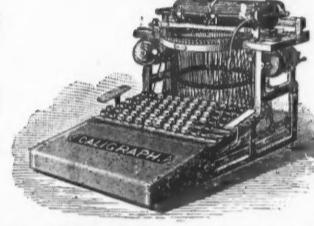
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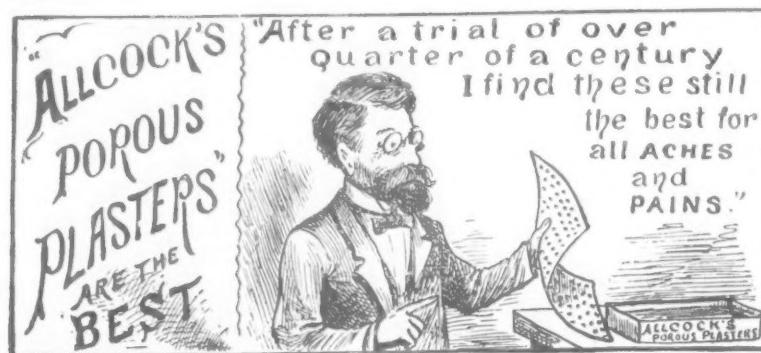
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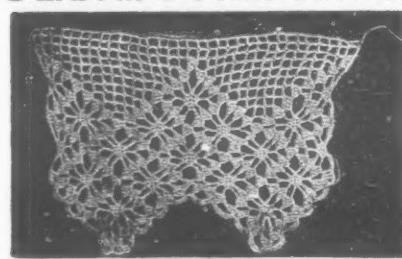


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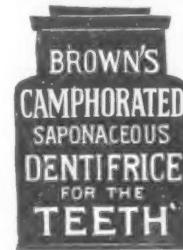
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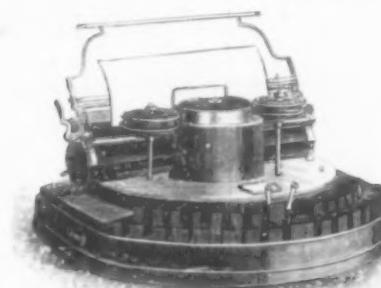
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